

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1902

RELIGIOUS INFIDELS

HOW many chatterers of a creed
Think Doubt the gravest sin,
Unmindful of her double birth, --
For Worry is her twin.

Ab! Christian atheism seems
The most insulting kind,
For though the tongue says God is love,
The heart is deaf and blind.

How He who marks the sparrow's fall
Must be aggrieved to see
These loud lip-champions manifest
Such infidelity!

Each fretful line upon their brow,
Dug by the plow of care,
Is treason to their pledge of faith,
And satire on their prayer.

Oh, just to hold without one fear
The strong, warm Hand above,
With orthodoxy of the heart --
The childlike creed of love!

None such can be a heretic;
Nay, only he forsooth
Who lives the falsity of doubt,
But prates the cant of truth.

Written for Zion's Herald by
Frederic Lawrence Knowles

B. L. Moore

Gen. Franz Sigel Dead

GEN. FRANZ SIGEL, whose name was a rallying cry for volunteers of German birth in the war for the Union, died at his home in New York, Aug. 22, in his 77th year. He came to this country in May, 1852, first to New York, where he conducted *Die Revue*, a military magazine, and then to St. Louis, where he edited a paper of similar character. When the Civil War broke out, he immediately organized and led a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery, and gained the reputation of having "saved Missouri to the Union;" was made brigadier-general in May, 1861, and won his major-generalcy soon after in the battle of Pea Ridge. He commanded the Federal troops at Harper's Ferry, and in February, 1864, was sent by Lincoln himself to command the Army of West Virginia. "Fighting mit Sigel" was a popular phrase of the war times, which was sung by our patriotic German people from shore to shore. We herewith reproduce the quaint but generous and pathetic tribute:

I Fights Mit Sigel

I met him again, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling.
He'd "blenkered" these dainties, and thought
It no wrong,
From some secessionist's dwelling.
"What regiment's yours? And under whose
flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder.
Turning slowly around, he smilingly said,
For the thought made him stronger and bolder:
"I fights mit Sigel!"

The next time I saw him, his knapsack was
gone,
His cup and canteen were a missing.
Shell, shrapnel and grape, and the swift rifle
ball
Around him and o'er him were hissing.
"How are you, my friend, and where have you
been,
And for what and for whom are you fight-
ing?"
He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a-kiting:
"I fights mit Sigel!"

And once more I saw him and knelt by his
side;
His life-blood was rapidly flowing.
I whispered of home, wife, children and
friends,
The bright land to which he was going:
"And have you no word for the dear ones at
home?
The wee one, the father or mother?"
"Yaw, yaw," said he, "tell them, oh! tell them
I fights!"
Poor fellow! he thought of no other —
"I fights mit Sigel!"

We scraped out a grave, and he dreamlessly
sleeps
On the banks of the Shenandoah River.
His home and his kindred alike are un-
known,
His reward in the hands of the Giver.
We placed a rough board at the head of his
grave,
And "we left him alone in his glory,"
But on it we marked, e'er we turned from the
spot,
The little we knew of his story, —
"I fights mit Sigel!"

Thirteen Boys Poisoned

ADVICES received through Chaplain C. M. Charlton, of the battleship "Kentucky," state that during the second week of July thirteen boys in the China Inland Mission School, Chefoo, China, were poisoned from eating canned food, and died. The three surgeons from the "Kentucky" assisted the physician at the school in trying to save the lives of the boys. The boys who died were Gershom Broomhall, son of Mr. Hudson Broomhall, and grand-

son of Mr. B. Broomhall, late secretary of the China Inland Mission; Ellsworth Fitch, son of Rev. J. A. Fitch, of the American Presbyterian Mission (North); Marit Sanstedt, parents in Hankow; Nicholas Gray, son of a merchant in Nagasaki; Norman Gray-Owen and Hugh Gray-Owen, only children of the late Mr. Gray-Owen, of the China Inland Mission; Stewart Kay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kay, of the China Inland Mission, both killed by the Boxers in Shansi; Howard Fische, son of Mr. Edward Fische, of the China Inland Mission; Herbert Parry, son of Dr. Parry, of the China Inland Mission; Claude Hartwell, son of Dr. Hartwell, senior missionary of the American Baptist Mission in Shantung; Norman Whitfield, — Morsen, Cyril Molloy, parents unknown, but they are not missionaries.

MISSIONARY EMERGENCY AND OPPORTUNITY

REV. EDWARD M. TAYLOR, D. D.

THE announcement of the First General Missionary Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, October 21-24, indicates the widespread and deepening interest the church is taking in the subject of world-wide evangelism. It is significant that the invitation for this convention comes from a committee representing both ministers and laymen. The church recognizes the fact that she is confronted by an emergency in her foreign work, and that fact is being interpreted as a *providential opportunity*. A candid examination of the achievements of foreign missions during the last century renders the old sneer pathetic and makes indifference sinful.

Hopeful Indications

As field secretary of the New England Division of the Open-Door Emergency Plan, it is with pleasure I am permitted to note the signs of quickening interest in the cause of foreign missions. Presiding elders and Conference and district secretaries are placing themselves in line and joining vigorously in campaigns for aggressive work. One Conference composed of six presiding elders' districts has arranged for a six weeks' missionary campaign in connection with the service of the field secretary, with from two to three group conventions daily, closing each week with a grand missionary rally on the Sunday in the larger towns and churches.

The Laymen Help

At the close of an address on the missionary emergency during a recent camp-meeting a young business layman approached the speaker and opened his heart and money purse in the following manner: "I have been elected a delegate to the convention in Cleveland next October. Imperative business duties render it impossible for me to attend, but wife and I want to have some part in the great work of that convention. We certainly shall pray for its success." Then he passed to the secretary a check for a substantial amount to be used in connection with mission work in India. Scarcely was there time to say a word of thanks and give a hearty God-speed when another young man, with a "solar look" in his face, counted out sufficient money to employ a Christian teacher for a year among the Christless millions of the Orient. His simple words were: "I can't go myself, but wife and I will have lighter hearts and sleep better with the knowledge that some one is working through us to bring the light of a better day to those who sit in darkness."

Brother mine, what if each member of our great church should catch the spirit of

that open vision? How the terrible strain that now rests upon our missionary leaders would be taken off, and the glorious Gospel of the Lord Christ would be borne onward to new conquests in the hearts of men!

Your Opportunity

Provision has been made for special offerings to the foreign missionary cause in connection with the Cleveland Convention. Persons residing within the bounds of the New England Division desiring to present such an offering for the evangelization of the world, whether great or small, are requested to do so through the Field Secretary of the New England Division.

259 Harvard St., Cambridge.

Improvements at Lasell

Lasell Seminary, besides surprising its returning pupils with a splendid new organ, will invite them into an almost new dining-room, so handsomely has this always dainty room been redecorated by Bemis & Jewett, of Newton Centre. An entirely new ceiling has been made, with panels, etc. Every inch of the swimming-room has been done over in ivory white, and the whole interior will seem almost like a new house, so elaborately has it been refreshed. So that this famous school enters upon the second year of its second half century as one of the best of schools for the training of young women for homes.

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Zion's Herald

Volume LXXX

Boston, Wednesday, August 27, 1902

Number 35

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

New French Minister

ANOTHER change is noted in the diplomatic corps at Washington. M. Jules Cambon, who has held the post of minister from France with honor since 1898, gives place to M. Jean Adrien Antone Jules Jesseraud, minister at Copenhagen. M. Jesseraud, who is a native of Lyons, was born in 1855. He enjoys considerable fame as a scholar and author. After obtaining the degree of doctor of letters he entered the diplomatic service, in which he has steadily advanced until now he comes to the United States. His predecessor at Washington has been remarkably successful. His tenure of office has been unmarked by any complications between this country and France. On the contrary, the relations between the two countries have been rendered even more cordial by his tact and good judgment. It is generally understood that M. Cambon will go to Berlin.

Race Questions in South Africa

CHIEF among the vexatious questions to be settled in the British colonies of South Africa is the one of the relation between the various races composing the cosmopolitan population of that part of the empire. The Englishman distrusts the continental European, and both despise the aborigine. Inasmuch as the Englishman is in authority and the natives are overwhelmingly numerous, it can be seen at a glance that South Africa contains the elements of very serious complications. Since the taking over of the Transvaal and Orange River colonies, the natives stand in a little different relationship to the British than they did to the Boers. In cases of disputes between whites and blacks now, an effort is made to give both sides a hearing, which is in some respects contrary to the practice of the Boers. The latter usually shot a native on sight for committing the crime for which a Negro is generally lynched or burned in the United States. Prohibition of the right of private justice is resented by the residents of the Boer colonies. In Cape Colony the people insist upon a segregation of the whites and blacks. There is also strong objection to the sale

of intoxicating liquors to the aborigines, as they are very easily demoralized. Asiatics are not wanted, although the people are willing to compromise by admitting those who are British subjects. These matters, and others of a kindred nature, are under consideration in the Cape Colony Parliament now in session at Cape Town.

Property and Taxation in Paris

ACCORDING to a recent report compiled by M. Fontaine, director of the surveying department, there are 88,587 houses in Paris, of which 1,316 are factories and 2,389 are used both for dwelling and manufacturing purposes. The total yearly rental derived from the houses is \$176,000,000. This shows a great advance since 1862, in which year there were 66,578 houses yielding a total income of \$81,000,000. Revenue for the support of both city and state is derived from "the four rates," as the taxation on real estate, doors and windows, furniture, and licenses and patents is called. The inhabitants of Paris pay \$30,000,000 in the form of four rates, of which \$18,000,000 goes to the government and \$12,000,000 to the municipality of Paris. The people of the capital pay more than one-third of the total amount required for the support of the state, but, with the municipal tax added, the Parisian pays into the public treasury more than four times as much as the provincial Frenchman. The average per capita is \$5.45 in Paris and \$1.75 in other parts of the republic. But with all of this income Paris has already probably the largest debt of any city in the world. The annual deficit is \$4,500,000, and this autumn a new municipal loan of \$10,000,000 will be issued, with the authorization of the Chamber of Deputies.

German National School

GERMAN authority states that there are today some 13,000,000 German-speaking people in foreign countries, who for the most part have renounced allegiance to the land of their birth and enrolled themselves under other flags. To prevent a continuance of this state of affairs a German national school has been established at Wertheim-on-the-Main, which will be opened this autumn. It will give its students a thorough course of economics, a practical and theoretical course in agriculture, horticulture and different trades, and seek above all to infuse into them so much of German character and civilization that the young men will remain uninfluenced by the habits and customs existing in other countries in which they may afterward locate. A part of the plan is to establish boys between the ages of nine and fifteen years in good

families for the purpose of better instruction and discipline, where they may at the same time attend the public schools. Three years' preparation for the national school, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, will be given in commercial, technical and agricultural subjects. While the ostensible object of this institution is to fit the students for good positions in the German colonies and to keep them from being absorbed into the national life of another country, the underlying purpose is evidently to discourage emigration by fitting the young men for better and more lucrative employment in the Fatherland.

Civilizing the American Indian

IT is gradually dawning upon the minds of the more enlightened, far-sighted and progressive government officials who have to do with the care of the Indians, that the once noble red man will never become a component and self-sustaining part of American life so long as he is kept on a reservation and treated like a pauper. He must be taught self-reliance, and this can be done only by throwing him back upon his own resources. How best to do it is the question that is being seriously considered by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the leading educators of Indian youth. The latter advocate the abandonment of separate schools and the mixing of the Indian boys and girls with the white children so they will absorb Caucasian ideals and ways of thinking. In dealing with adults Commissioner Jones has withdrawn the rations of the Indians kept on the reservations and at the same time taken care to provide them with employment on public works where they will receive adequate compensation and humane treatment. This plan is working well in the Southwest territories, but in the Dakotas the Indians have not accepted it very graciously. It is hoped, however, that in the course of time all opposers may be won over and the Indians gradually transformed into useful members of society by this system. Commissioner Jones recently returned from an extensive tour of the Indian country in the West and Southwest, during which he gathered data bearing on the points specified. There are over 270,000 Indians left of the great tribes that once inhabited the territory now forming the United States. Of this number about 135,000 are on the reservations and are outright wards of the Government. Their maintenance costs over \$10,000,000 per year. Approximately there are 135,000 who are self-supporting and are only incidentally under the Indian Office. They include the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, Seminoles, Pueblos of New Mexico, Eastern Cherokees of North Carolina, and Six Nations and other Indians of New York. Among the so-called self-supporting In-

dians are over 30,000 individual Indians who have been absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon civilization and are self-sustaining and tax-paying citizens.

Recording Immigrants

COLLECTORS at the various ports have been instructed by Mr. Sargent, commissioner of the Bureau of Immigration, to inaugurate a card system which will show when the immigrant arrives, whence he came, his destination, and other information which will enable the Government to keep track of him. The data thus gathered will be especially valuable in guiding the courts in deciding naturalization cases. Congress has authorized the keeping of the records by the card system, but it has not yet given the courts authority to call for the information thus obtained. However, the immigration officials stand ready to co-operate with the courts, and in his next report Mr. Sargent will recommend that Congress enact legislation necessary to formally put this information at the disposal of any judge.

Damages for Excessive Noise

EVER since the Elevated Railway company in Boston began to operate its cars, property-owners along the route have been making preparations to obtain damages for injuries caused by the obstruction of surface traffic and the excessive noise made by the passing trains. The company has held all along that the noise is not an element of damage, but in a decision handed down by Chief Justice Mason of Boston last week the superior court rules that one-half the injury to property situated along the track is due to the noise. The question of fact in the case in hand is representative, and if the supreme court sustains the superior court in its application of the law, the Elevated will become liable for heavy damages, as there are many property-owners waiting for the court to decide this question before they attempt to recover from the company.

Italy's International Position

DIPLOMATS are noting that Italy is steadily growing as an international power. This political development is attributed to the progressive policy of King Victor, who has encouraged the Italian democracy at home and made friends among the sovereigns abroad, especially with the Czar Nicholas. Advantages have been gained over France, and the Turkish government has been reminded that an Italian in the Ottoman Empire may count upon the protection of his home government. On Thursday of this week the King will visit Emperor William at Berlin, where extensive preparations have been made to give him a fitting reception. The object of the trip is, presumably, to make a friendly call upon the Kaiser, but naturally the relations between Italy and Germany will be discussed. King Victor is an advocate of disarmament of the European powers, and there is much speculation as to how the war lord of Germany will receive his advances. France may be visited next year; but the King is not likely to call upon Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, as the latter did not return the

late King Humbert's visit to Vienna, because he wished to avoid offending the Vatican by seeing the Italian King in Rome. So far as can be discovered, the movements of the King and the steady growth of dignity, power, and prestige of Italy are not tainted by ulterior plans for either foreign or colonial conquests.

By-Elections in England

SUPPORTERS of the Balfour ministry are dismayed by the results of the by-elections for members of Parliament that are now in progress. Recently a Liberal was returned from North Leeds to fill a vacancy caused by the elevation of the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson to the peerage. On August 18 Thomas Sloan, the nominee of the Protestant association, was elected in the South Division of Belfast to take the place of William Johnston, a Conservative, who died on July 17. In the Seven Oaks Division of Kent, in the same week, H. W. Forster, a Conservative, was re-elected by a very meagre majority—about one-fifth of the number of votes he received at the last election. London papers express the opinion that the Government's education bill is the cause of the dissatisfaction among the voters in the country. The grain tax is also credited with helping to make the people desire a change of administration.

Taft Given an Ovation

WHEN Governor Taft reached Manila on August 22 he was given an enthusiastic popular greeting by the residents of the city and thousands of natives who had gathered from the neighboring provinces. The governor's vessel was escorted into the harbor by a fleet of thirty gaily decorated boats, and a large procession followed him from the place of landing to the palace in the Walled City, where a public reception was held. In his response to the address of welcome he outlined the progress and the result of the negotiations at Rome in the matter of the Philippine friars, and said that all church questions were moving toward a satisfactory settlement. Assurances were given by him that the American people desired to help the Filipinos, and were determined that the islands should not be exploited by unscrupulous speculators at their expense. He congratulated the Filipinos upon the restoration of peace, advised them to let politics alone and give attention to agriculture, and predicted that eventually the archipelago would practically have free trade. In concluding, he promised personally to labor for the natives, and asked for their confidence and support.

Jews in the United States

JEWS to the number of over 600,000 have found an abiding place in the United States within the past twenty years. In 1881 there were 45,000 members of this race in New York city; now there are 459,055. According to the computation of the *Jewish World*, every fourth person in Manhattan Borough is a Jew. Most of them have come from Russia, Finland and Austria-Hungary, but altogether they represent twenty-five different countries. As a home for Jewish people the United States ranks second,

whereas in 1890 it was surpassed by both Asia and Africa. In ten or twelve years we have gained about double the number of Jews residing in the German empire, nearly one-third as many as were living in Russia in 1890, and within half a million of the number now residing in Austria-Hungary. We have twenty times as many as France, while Rumania has barely more than one-third the Jewish population of the United States. The Jews are an industrious, thrifty, and prolific race, and already an important factor in the civic life of New York. Race and religious ties bind the adults closely together, and hinder their assimilation or transformation into Jewish Americans; but the second and now the third generations are slipping the ancient moorings and are growing up with less reverence for the traditions of their ancestors. Absence of persecution such as they bitterly experienced in Europe is doing much to disintegrate the national life of this people. Education, business associations, and the democratic customs of this country are making them broader and more progressive.

Title to Panama Canal Route

BEFORE the President purchases the rights of the French company in the Panama Canal route and proceeds with the construction of the waterway as authorized by Congress, he must know exactly what he is buying. Advocates of the Nicaragua route have insisted all along that the French people could not give a clear title, and that in the end the President would be compelled to build through Lake Nicaragua. He has decided, however, to look into the question thoroughly, and Attorney General Knox will soon visit Paris for the purpose of searching the records and otherwise investigating the matter. Attorney Russell of the department of justice has been in Paris for several weeks making preliminary inquiry and research, and will have everything in readiness for the attorney general when he arrives, so the business may be closed up without delay. Mr. Knox hopes to return by November 1 and make a report to the President in season for the latter to communicate the results of the investigation to Congress at its December meeting. Senator Spooner, who was expected to accompany Mr. Knox, will remain at home.

Negro Race Problem Perpetual

A STUDY of the increase of Negroes in the United States was recently made by Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University (an institution in Washington for colored people), for the Commissioner of Education at Washington. In his report he declares that the growth of the Negro population is so steady and rapid that the race problem is destined to be perpetual. In 1810 there were 1,377,808 Negroes in this country; now there are 7,470,040. Notwithstanding the tendency to emigrate toward the North and West, 92 per cent. of the race is still found in the South. The black belts are growing blacker and the white sections whiter. He says, further: "If this black mass were equally diffused throughout the country, the problem, in its educational aspect, at least, would lose in intensity

what it gained in extension. But the stubborn tendency of this mass to settle into knots where the institution of slavery planted it most thickly emphasizes the pressing need of special remedial agencies. The condition of the Negro in these congested localities and the utter inadequacy of local provision call loudly for national aid to popular education."

Telegraph Systems of the World

IN a forthcoming monograph prepared by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics on "The Submarine and Land Telegraphs of the World," there is a very interesting summary of the development of submarine and land telegraph systems during the last half-century. Nearly a score of cables have been laid across the Atlantic, of which less than thirteen are now in successful operation between the United States and Europe, while three others span the comparatively short distance between South America and the African and South European coast lines. Cable lines loop from port to port and island to island along the eastern coast of Asia, receiving messages overland from Eastern Europe via the Russia-Siberian land lines and forwarding them to Japan, China, Australia, New Zealand and Straits Settlements, Hong Kong and the Philippines, and transmitting others in return. Including both submarine and land lines, the telegraph systems of the world have 1,180,000 miles of cables and wires, and the total number of messages transmitted annually is over 400,000,000. Until recently the construction of a Pacific cable has not been considered feasible because no single government controlled a sufficient number of intermediate landing places to sustain the cable. Now that the United States controls Hawaii, Wake Island, Guam and the Philippines, the chief obstacle has been removed, and, as has been previously noted, the line is being laid. One is also in process of construction from Vancouver to Australia by way of Fanning Islands, just south of the Hawaiian Islands.

King Edward's Queer Guests

AMONG the distinguished guests at the coronation of King Edward who attracted a great deal of attention were King Lewanika of Barotseland, northwestern Rhodesia; Ras Makonnen, an Abyssinian general; and a number of gorgeously attired Indian princes. They remained in London until last week, making almost as much of a show as the crowning of the King himself. King Lewanika carried away many interesting mementos of English civilization, among the accumulation being six silk hats. The Abyssinian took a big balloon home with him. The departure of the Maharajah of Jaipur was a great event. He was accompanied by a number of priests who carried an image of Buddha and vessels containing sacred waters of the Ganges from the train to the ship at Dover. Coincident with these visitors the Shah of Persia, with a numerous suite, has been seeing the sights of England. He is a man of considerable education, and is not quite so unconventional as was his father during his visit to England. The present Shah soon became popular, and was received with cheers whenever he attended a

place of amusement. On several occasions he appeared in all the glory of an Oriental costume adorned with jewels of an estimated value of \$3,750,000. He was deeply interested in everything that he saw and duly impressed with the attention shown him. Although he generally maintained a charming equipoise of manner, he was betrayed into smiling and even hearty laughter several times, much to the gratification of his entertainers and the consternation of his own suite. All of the visiting rulers were brought into contact with the King under auspicious surroundings, and made to feel that his majesty was friendly to them and desired their friendship in return.

Carnegie's Gift to Science

SCIENTISTS everywhere will be delighted to learn that the executive committee of the Carnegie Institution have contracted for the purchase of the plant now owned by the Marine Biological Laboratory Company, at Wood's Hole, Mass., which will be the nucleus of the most perfectly equipped marine laboratory in the world. Options have been secured on land adjoining the present site, which will bring the total area at the disposal of the committee up to approximately six acres, and afford ample room in which to erect additional buildings. It is understood that the new laboratory will be designed with special reference to the investigation of the problems of human life which recent discoveries have demonstrated can be more effectively carried on by means of the simpler forms of marine fauna. The laboratory was founded in 1886 as a private enterprise, and it has ever since been a burden to the stockholders because it did not pay expenses. It has been a popular place for investigators, however, and has furnished the facilities for special researches carried on by scientists from Harvard, Princeton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Leland Stanford, Brown, Denison, and the Universities of Michigan, Nebraska, Texas, Indiana, Johns Hopkins, Washington, Jefferson College, and others. For fifteen years Professor Whitman of the University of Chicago has been pursuing a line of investigation there which gives promise of great value to students of the greatest problems of biology. With the ideal location and the fine equipment which will be installed, it is anticipated that Wood's Hole will eventually become the Mecca of biological students from every part of the world.

St. Vincent's New Village

A VILLAGE of 116 houses has been established on the sea-side four miles west of Kingstown for the use of sufferers by the recent eruption of La Soufrière. On August 20 the new town was formally blessed by the dignitaries of the Anglican Church. Clergymen, choristers, an orchestra, and numerous spectators from Kingstown and elsewhere were present at the strange and highly interesting ceremony. A feature of the place is the separate group of thirty-four dwellings for the use of Carib families. These people, who escaped death by fleeing from the western coast of the island immediately before the eruption, are today the only known

survivors of the Carib tribe, the historic and aboriginal inhabitants of St. Vincent. La Soufrière still continues to show signs of slight agitation.

Overland from Paris to New York

HARRY DE WINDT, an intrepid explorer who is now in the United States, claims to have demonstrated that it is possible to go from Paris to New York overland by way of the Bering Strait. He left Paris for the Siberian coast on Dec. 19, 1901, reached Dawson, July 20, and Seattle July 28. During this perilous journey he traveled 6,000 miles by rail, 1,000 by horses and sleigh, 1,800 by reindeer, and 1,600 by dogs. He had many narrow escapes from death, and says he does not care to repeat the trip. Storms were incessant and high, and fierce winds prevailed. The thermometer ranged from 60 to 80 degrees below zero, the stations were far apart, and food scarce in every settlement. He studied the topography carefully, and is confident that a railroad uniting the Old and New Worlds could be constructed, the connection at the Bering Strait being made by a tunnel. The explorer was assisted by the Russian officials, who provided him with sledges and horses, and by the United States revenue cutter "Thetis" in crossing Bering Strait.

Roosevelt in New England

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was given an enthusiastic welcome at every stage of his flying tour through the States of New England, which closes as we go to press. Perfect preparations had been made for his reception in each city, and multitudes of his admirers were afforded an opportunity to see him as he passed along the streets, standing in an open carriage, with hat in hand, bowing and smiling to the throngs that lined the sidewalks, and to hear his voice and feel the personality of the man as he addressed great audiences in crowded halls, or spoke to the masses in the open air. In Boston the demonstration was overwhelming. The federal regulation of trusts was the chief topic discussed by the President. He omitted all other issues and confined himself to an exposition of his plan for controlling financial combinations without hampering commercial and industrial developments. His speech in Boston was argumentative and analytical rather than oratorical. Some of his striking sentences were: "I am far from being against property when I ask that the question of trusts be taken up. I am acting in property's interest. . . . I want laws to enable us to deal with combinations, no matter what shape they take. . . . We have a great, powerful, artificial creation that has no creator to which it is responsible. I want to make a real, not a nominal sovereign. . . . I hope to see power given to the national legislature which shall make the control of trusts real. . . . If the nation had that power, I should advocate as strenuously as I know how that the power should be exercised with extreme caution and self-restraint." He placed emphasis upon the compulsory and detailed publicity of the affairs of a trust as the most effective way in which to prevent the abuses of power which have provoked the opposition of the public to such combinations.

UNRECOGNIZED WORTH

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps." So runs the old adage, and, as usual, it expresses but a half-truth. The boy Jesus may not be judged by the boys with whom He played; the boy in the crowd may be superior to all his companions. The diamond is a diamond whether it lies among quartz pebbles, or shines among paste imitations, or glitters among its fellows. A thoroughbred is still a thoroughbred though he helps to draw the plough. Shakespeare had no fellow in his age. The sage of Concord is not known today by his friends, but by his imperishable thought. Men seek for genius among geniuses, and wonder when they find it far away, forgetting that the kings of men are often solitary, and bear not often the stamp of earth's metropolis. The lion is often found among jackals, but the lion is no jackal. If we would judge men rightly, we must know men thoroughly, and true worth is often self-effacing. If we would find it, we must search for it.

VALUE OF AN OPINION

AN opinion derives its value from the man who holds it, and must always be taken in its proper connection. A muskrat's idea of a fine building site would be valuable to us only as an indication of the muskrat's nature. To him a marsh is heaven, and heaven would be a marsh.

A man's opinions reveal the man, but they may have no further value. The question arises at once: "What kind of a man is this?" Too often the opinion of a great man is heralded abroad as being of necessity of much value; but the question is asked, and rightly: "In what world was this man great?" The world of art is one, the world of commerce another, the world of science another, the world of speculative theology another, the world of spiritual life another. In the last dwell all true believers, and the opinion of an untutored, dust-begrimed miner who walks with God, as touching conversion and sanctification, may be worth vastly more than the opinion of a commercial prince or the ablest laborer in the field of natural science. Let men speak of what they know.

ODDS AND ENDS OF LIFE

WHAT shall we do with our odd moments, *i. e.*, those for which there is no corresponding duty? A day is too precious to be wasted, but a few minutes are esteemed of no value; and yet they make the days. How can we use them? It takes but one minute to learn a passage of Scripture, or to grasp some lofty thought that shall shed forth a holy influence for forty years. Make the odd moments pay their tribute through eye or ear or thought, to make you rich in truest wisdom.

What about our odds and ends of knowledge? Is it worth while for us to hold an isolated fact? We seem to have no use for it. Is it, therefore, but useless mental lumber? The wise man loves to get hold of facts; no knowledge is useless. The stray fact that seems to be out of all

relation today, in twenty years will find its fellow and its proper place. Somewhere, somehow, the odds and ends of truth will be found to perfect our knowledge and to harmonize our beliefs. There is no waste in life without blame. Let us gather and preserve the odds and ends!

LOSS OF RESPONSIVENESS

THE most disheartening thing about the religious life of today," said a faithful clergyman to the writer, "is the loss of responsiveness on the part of professed Christians. When I first began to preach, the work of the ministry was like knocking at a door half-ajar. Now it is like puffing a bell-handle, disconnected from the bell, at a house where the door is double-locked and the people have gone to the seaside."

No doubt there are hundreds of ministers who would acknowledge the same feeling of aloofness and lack of touch with their people. Many of them are oppressed by a sense of impotence, inefficiency, and self-distrust, as if the fault were wholly their own. On the contrary, an impartial observer of the situation must confess, we think, that the falling-off in earnestness, sympathy, and devotedness, is chiefly, if not wholly, on the part of the church and the Christian community to which the clergyman ministers. At no time in the history of the church, we venture to say, has the *esprit de corps* of the ministry been more uniformly and strikingly displayed than at the present time. The energy, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the untiring spirit of service characteristic of the ministry has not departed from them in these days of growing materialism and rapid modification of creeds and religious opinions. It is gratefully conceded by all fair judges that the clergy, as a whole, are a steadfast body of consecrated men, who in all the upheavals and fluctuations and relaxations of modern religious thought and life have stood with grand firmness by their convictions, their duties, and their ideals. Surely, if there is any loss of quickness, of responsiveness, of vitality, in the religious life of our time, it cannot justly be charged to the failing spirit of the ministry. It is neither the pulpit nor the pastoral function that has grown lukewarm. Preaching is fervent, practical, direct, and prayerfully sympathetic and earnest. Compared with the old-fashioned doctrinal discourse, the glowing human appeal that comes from the pulpit of today is like sunlight beside moonlight. And in all the modern pastor's human and social relations he is both broader and deeper in his life of service than the old-time clergyman. His sociology is more pronounced and intelligent; his charity is more effective; his public spirit is more eager and active; his intellectual life goes out to his people and to the community with a greater freedom and helpfulness. Nor is he any less sympathetic in his ministries to the suffering, the afflicted, the despairing. In a word, the minister of today is as Christlike a man as ever bowed to receive the apostolic blessing; and if it be true that there is a distinct loss of responsiveness in our religious life, the fault can surely not be laid at his door.

The responsibility, then, for a state of apathy which is confessedly increasing in

the church and in the Christian community, rests with the people of God. They are the ones who are growing cold, unresponsive and unimpressible. Listen to the conversation of the average group of worshipers going home from church on Sunday. Here is a fair barometer to register religious atmospheric conditions withal. Nine out of ten of the remarks made will be of a critical or flippant nature. The points of the sermon will be twisted to most trivial and puerile and even irreverent applications. Little attention will be paid to the really serious matter of the discourse, but its manner, especially if unfortunate in any minor detail, will be relentlessly commented upon. Very likely the minister's personal appearance will come in for a goodly share of attention, and everything that can provoke a laugh at his expense will be cordially appreciated. The whole trend of conversation goes to show how extremely superficial is the impression made by the average sermon upon the average churchgoer's mind and heart, and that not because the sermon is weak or lacking in real warmth and power, but because there has been no door of sympathy ajar in the listener's heart at which the minister could knock in the Master's name and find entrance and welcome. This is one instance of the loss of responsiveness among professedly Christian people — loss of responsiveness to the living and actuating truth.

Then there is a lack of responsiveness to the call of duty. Christian people beg off from Christian opportunity, responsibility, privilege, in the most disheartening manner, nowadays. "It's no use. I can't get my people to do anything to help me," writes a pastor in a New Hampshire village, with almost pathetic hopelessness. "They want me to carry the whole burden myself; and God knows I could accomplish nothing in that way, were I physically and mentally able to shoulder it all." The result is that in that church, and no doubt in hundreds like it, everything languishes. Only the conventionally habitual services are kept up, and only the most perfunctory relations are sustained to the community. The minister was right. He cannot do it all himself. If there is no responsiveness and no helpfulness on the part of his people, even the most strenuous attempt to do everything single-handed would be vain. One cannot really help others unless they are willing to do something to help themselves.

Further, Christians lack responsiveness among themselves; and here the lack is entirely mutual and therefore not felt. How little one sees or hears of Christian communion, Christian conversation, among avowedly Christian people! Get them together, and the talk, even in the church vestibule, is of crops, weather, stocks, politics, war, and social functions. They meet as Christians, and talk as pagans. And as with words so with deeds. How little mutual volunteering of suggesting of Christian service! And even when some true laborer in the vineyard goes around to enlist help, with what repulsing and discouraging excuses he is met! No time, no fitness for that sort of work, no faith in that kind of religious activity, no money to spare after

meeting personal and family expenses! Why not say outright, no heart in the Master's service?—for that is what it amounts to.

What is to be done with this disheartening growth of apathy in the church, this significant and tremendous loss of responsiveness? What can we do with it otherwise than treat it as we would any other dangerously comatose condition—startle it, rouse it, electrify it, pierce it through and through with the dart of conviction and scourge it with the scourge of remorse? The soul within is not dead; only the outward function and energy lag and fail. To wake the soul to its old sense of consecration and love and reverence and duty and privilege is the only hope. May God send some modern Jeremiah to rouse the church of today to a trembling sense of the deadly sin of apathy!

Protect the Children

SOME weeks ago we called attention to an evil which is fraught with injury to many interests in the South—the prevalence and growth of the child-labor policy in the cotton mills of several States in that section. To this matter we shall need to recur again and again if we would be true to our duty as a journalist, for the evils referred to are manifold and are increasing at a rapid rate. Indeed, they are attracting the attention of labor reformers, philanthropists, teachers, school officials, ministers of the Gospel, politicians and capitalists, among whom, respectively, serious differences of opinion exist in regard to the principles and practice involved. The main fact to be kept before the people is this: "Thousands of white children, from the age of six upwards, are kept at work in the cotton mills of Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas, and are thus deprived absolutely of all educational privileges and opportunities. The blame for this state of things is to be parceled out among the owners of the mills, who find it economical to employ little children at a few pennies a day; the people of the States immediately concerned, who have been brought to fear that if legislation is enacted forbidding or even regulating child-labor, the mills will be removed to other parts of the country and thereby a new industry which has in it the possibilities of growing wealth for the South will be crushed out; and the poverty-stricken parents, who claim that they need the extra pittance earned by the children in order to live. The attitude of the employers in the case may be inferred from the declaration of one of them, cited by Hugh Cavanagh in the August *Pilgrim*, to the effect that unless these children were set to work in the mills "they would run wild on the street and go to the bad." To the Georgia Legislature one of the representatives of these new enterprises, opposing the enactment of legislation in behalf of childhood, and pleading for the great property interests which had been recently established in the State, said: "Gentlemen, keep your hands off this class of property." It is a grateful thing to find Bishop Candler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, taking part in the work as a friend of childhood. In one of his published letters on the subject, forming a part of the documentary evidence considered by the legislature which, however, refused to act in the case, he said:

"Manufacturing enterprises secured at such a price come too dear. Poverty is preferable to wealth obtained on such terms. The State of Georgia cannot afford to permit its children to be sacrificed for any material consideration whatsoever. I favor protecting the young life

of the commonwealth against all the perils with which a heartless industrialism threatens it. We protect the birds of the State against sportsmen who would exterminate them for a momentary gratification. Are not the children much better than they?"

A hopeful sign of the situation is the fact that societies are being formed to advocate a better policy, to educate and organize public sentiment, and bring about a new state of things; that men and women are being sent by newspapers and by philanthropic associations into the South to study and report the facts as they exist; and that many leading men and women in the States particularly affected are being aroused into activity in behalf of the rising generation. The sure cure for this new form of slavery is publicity. When the facts are fully known the moral sense of the American people will be quickened; the callous and brazen brow of greed will cower; outraged philanthropy will let its voice be heard; and an ancient form of oppression, recently resuscitated, will be thrust back into its tomb, never, we trust, in our land at least, to hear a resurrection trumpet sound.

A New Doctrine of Retribution

ONE of our thoughtful ministers, writing upon the decision in the Beet case, mentioned last week, says:

"I'm glad that Dr. Beet has been left in his chair. But the discussion has been a sorry affair. All that Beet says about the soul's 'natural immortality' is true enough—in fact, is self-evident. No finite thing, spirit or matter, has any ground of existence apart from the Divine purpose and will. His further claim that the New Testament strictly interpreted does not teach an eternity of conscious suffering, and that we must maintain an agnostic attitude on the point, I think, is very likely true. Dogmatic universalism I see no ground for in either Scripture or philosophy. But the fancy that the Conference can settle such a question by vote is more than ludicrous. We must preach righteousness and retribution without confusing the moral question with quantitative measures. We are going to have a new doctrine of retribution by and by, and one in many respects more stringent than the old one. But it will not be constructed on the lines of criminal law or governmental procedure, but on the line of sowing and reaping."

Political Tempest in Vermont

THE State of Vermont, as previously indicated, is passing through such a season of political agitation as was never known before. That five thousand should gather in the relatively small town of Morrisville recently to hear Secretary Shaw of the U. S. Treasury Department speak, shows the unusual interest and excitement existing among the people. Percival W. Clement, of Rutland, the bolting license candidate, is making a thorough canvass of the State, as he did before the gubernatorial convention. He is loud in his claims that he will either be elected by the people or defeat an election by the people, as a majority vote is necessary to elect a governor. The leading Republicans of the State are supporting Gen. McCullough, the regular Republican nominee, and many of them are making strong arguments for him at the rallies now being held. Included in the number are Senators Dillingham and Proctor, Congressmen Foster and Haskins, former Congressman H. H. Powers, Speaker F. D. Proctor, who was defeated by Gen. McCullough for the nomination, and some of the associates on the ticket with Gen.

McCullough, District Attorney J. L. Martin and Frank Plumley. The out-and-out Prohibitionists, practically all of whom are Republicans on national questions, are also actively engaged in the interest of the Prohibition candidates for the legislature, in order to kill off the movement to have the present prohibitory law repealed.

How any citizen of Vermont, in favor of good local government, temperance reform, law and order, can support Mr. Clement, this self-constituted apostle of license, we are unable to comprehend. There are motives and influences entering into this strange campaign that make prophecies concerning the outcome unusually difficult and hazardous, but we are hopeful that the right will prevail on election day, now so near at hand—Sept. 2.

PERSONALS

—Prof. and Mrs. C. M. Stuart, of Evans-ton, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Raymond, at Cottage City.

—Dr. M. S. Terry, of Evanston, will deliver three addresses and one sermon to the preachers during the coming session of Detroit Conference.

—Rev. A. K. Sanford, D. D., of New York city, called at this office last week on his way to Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he goes for three weeks of much needed rest.

—Bishop Mallalieu is attending all the camp-meetings in New England that he is able to reach—some ten in all—and his preaching, presence, and fellowship are highly appreciated.

—Rev. Julian S. Wadsworth, of Brockton, writes under date of Aug. 20: "Alice Appenzeller, daughter of Dr. Henry A. Appenzeller, of Korea, is spending several weeks with us. Her father was recently drowned in the steamer 'Kamagawa Maru.' Alice was the first foreign-born child after the opening of the Hermit Nation in 1855."

—All friends of the cause of temperance and no-license should rejoice in the announcement that the condition of Rev. Thomas Scully, the venerable pastor of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, who has been very ill for the last month, is much improved. He has been long and dangerously ill. Perhaps to Father Scully more than to any other one man belongs the credit of maintaining no license in the city of Cambridge.

—Those who have heard Dr. John Clifford of London, the eminent Baptist minister who preached at Tremont Temple, this city, during August four or five summers ago, will never forget his clear and forceful thought and his vigorous method of delivering his sermons. The *British Weekly* in referring to him pays him this high compliment: "Dr. Clifford is the hero of Nonconformity, one of the select band who are 'refreshed by a threat,' one whose physical strength and high moral courage seem never to fall him, a man not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

—We were recently told some interesting facts relative to Chancellor J. R. Day's Methodist inheritance and affiliations. His grandfather was a pioneer preacher enrolled in Abel Stevens' Hall of Fame; an uncle was a Methodist preacher; his mother consecrated him to the same ministry the hour they told her she was the mother of a son, never telling him until God called him by His Spirit; he married a Methodist minister's daughter for his wife; he preached Methodism for thirty years, often stoutly maintaining that he "had no inclination to preach anything else, for there is in it all we can know of God or need for

man in any estate or condition." And with this as his pedigree and record, he is labeled as an infidel by a nomadic Methodist, accountable to no Conference and responsible to no restraining authority for his false and slanderous utterances.

— Rev. Harry B. King, of Forest Hills, underwent a surgical operation at the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital, Aug. 23. The operation was successful, and reports are encouraging.

rd-Herald of Chicago is responsible for the statement that Rev. Dr. Frank Crane, of People's Church, Chicago, has accepted the call to the Union Congregational Church, Worcester.

— Rev. Sam Small, the Georgia evangelist, stumping the State of Vermont for Percival W. Clement and the repeal of the Prohibitory Law, is about assaying an exhibition as we have noted for many a day.

— Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Grace Murray Mansfield, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Mansfield, to Mr. Charles Clinton Swett, in St. Mark's Church, Brookline, the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 10.

— It is said that Bishop Merrill had a unique experience at the recent annual meeting of North Montana Mission — every charge sent up a request for the return of its pastor. A few changes, however, had to be made to meet the changed conditions of the growing work.

— Rev. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of the Central Congregational Church, Chicago, characterizes the report that he is to succeed Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, as "premature and brutal, when we are all hoping that he will remain at the City Temple for years yet."

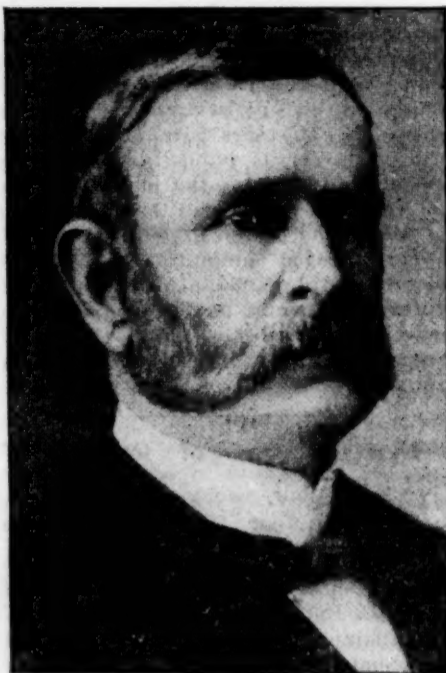
— Miss Bonafield, Miss Steere, Miss Wilson and Miss Alling, missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, sailed on the "Glenogle" for their respective fields of service, Aug. 14, from Tacoma. The delay was occasioned by the retention of the "Olympia" for repairs.

— Rev. M. M. Ponton, a graduate of Boston University School of Theology, class of '91, has been spending some weeks in Boston and vicinity. He gave a very able and interesting address at Melrose on Sunday last on "The Need of an Educated Negro Ministry." Dr. Ponton is dean of the Theological School of Morris-Brown College, Atlanta, Ga., and is exerting a strong influence for good among his people.

— The *Mexican Herald* of the City of Mexico, in its issue of Aug. 13, contains a column-and-a-half report of a reception extended to Rev. J. W. Butler, D. D., by the Mexican Methodist Institute at Puebla, Aug. 8. It says: "In view of the fact that Methodism in Mexico owes not a little to the loving and unwearied labors of Dr. William Butler and Dr. J. W. Butler, his son, the students and faculties of the two large Methodist Episcopal schools in this city arranged a program in honor of these two noble men, and more specifically in honor of Rev. J. W. Butler, who is perhaps one of the best known and liked of the English-speaking people in Mexico today." Among the interesting and complimentary exercises attending the reception was the unveiling of a beautiful slab of Carrara marble over the entrance door to the library, on which were carved in golden letters in Spanish the words: "The Butler Library."

— We are indebted to the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* of Atlanta, Ga., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the accompanying portrait and brief tribute to a great editor and a noteworthy Christian disciple. Col. William A. Hemphill died

in his home in that city, on the night of Aug. 17, from a fatal shock, after having attended service in the morning. He established that great journal, the *Atlanta Constitution*, in 1867, and conducted it nearly up to the time of his decease. But he was distinctly — and this is why we present his attractive face to our readers — a Christian man. The *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* says: "Colonel Hemphill was a member of Trinity Church, for years the



THE LATE COL. W. A. HEMPHILL

efficient superintendent of its Sunday-school, and an influential member of the official board of the church. For a number of years he has been a valued trustee of Emory College, and the willing and capable treasurer of the Mission Board of the North Georgia Conference. He was a public-spirited citizen, a generous helper of the charitable and benevolent institutions of his city and State. He has wrought well. Church and State are bereaved in his death."

BRIEFLETS

A letter received from Consul S. L. Gracey, of Foochow, dated July 17, contains the statement: "All is peaceful and quiet in this part of China just now, though we have just recently had two serious efforts at insurrection in this province."

Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, the mother of all our educational institutions, presents some of its claims on our last page. While it has a memorable record, this institution does not rest upon its past. It seeks to supply, in equipment, facilities, and teaching force, the most modern, comprehensive and best.

Life's interpretation comes only through living. To estimate life before we have lived it, is like trying to analyze a chapter before it is written. All such premature estimates are mere hazards and guesses.

In this nervous day of telegraphs and daily papers our public men are in the eye of the people as never before. We were recently deeply impressed with this idea as we noted how full and detailed are the reports in the daily press every Monday as to how prominent and influential men spent their Sabbath on the preceding day. As this holy day is a threatened and imperiled institution, how important it is that our

great men be careful as to their use of it, and set the people a safe example. And this should be doubly emphasized when they are members of the church of God and professed Christians.

Why is it that we are so slow to take God at His word, and so quick to take Him at our own misgiving inferences? Is not this one of the perversities of human nature, by which we cheat ourselves out of much legitimate inward peace and joy?

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, than whom no one has a better right to speak, gives it as his opinion that "the current nonsense that 'religious journalism has had its day and is doomed to die' is (in plain English) a lie conceived by the father of lies." He says: "The kingdom of our blessed Master needs a consecrated press as much as a consecrated tongue or a consecrated pulpit." Dr. Cuyler has perhaps written more for the worldwide religious press in the last half-century than any other living man, and his contributions are eagerly read by everybody everywhere.

Field Secretary Taylor makes an important announcement and a strong plea on the inside of our cover.

The *Advance* of Chicago, in last week's issue, indeed notes an unheard-of event in stating that Stanley McCormick voluntarily appeared before the board of review and made a protest against the low valuation placed upon his personal property. He was absent from the city when the assessors levied their tax on his property, which they estimated at \$250,000. He presented a schedule of \$475,000 of personal property, and requested that it be properly taxed, and his request was granted.

For every great emergency God has on hand near by the man who is as big as the emergency. When the clock strikes twelve the man of the hour steps forth. Lincoln was maturing out on those broad, flower-flecked prairies when slavery was towering over the nation in its most insolent swagger. At God's command he "came to the kingdom for such a time as this," and with his good plain pen he laid the monster low. The emancipation proclamation was the death-blow to slavery. In his own good time God will grow a man who will deal the silencing blow to this internal rum traffic.

If there is a joy in your heart, let it shine in your face. This is one of the lesser ministries of love — the cheering power of happiness. Every bright face makes a brighter world.

Thank God for the hard things of life — not because they are hard, but because they are a part of that wisely-arranged succession of contacts which we call discipline, and whose result is the right molding of character.

In the most masterly of the remarkable series of addresses which the President has yet made in his tour in New England — the one at Providence, in which he dealt with the problem of trusts — he again revealed the fact that his mind is saturated with Bible truth. Early reference to "the fall of the tower of Siloam," to Jeshurun, "who waxed fat, kicked," and was "covered with fatness," to Agur, who prayed for "neither poverty nor riches," and the frequent recurrence to these illustrations, shows the effect of his early training and later study of the Scriptures. Like his ancestors and older members of the Presbyterian or Reformed Churches, he shows a

keener devotion to the sterner truths and standards of the Old Testament than to the gentler, more persuasive and more effective principles of the New.

The individual life may be a fragment, but so is the individual stone in a building. It is out of just such fragments that God chooses His capstones.

Dr. Henry Mansell, of India, announces that he has just finished his translation of the comments on Ezekiel in the Scott-Whe-don series in Roman Urdu, i. e., Hindu-stani language written in Roman letters. This is the first commentary on Ezekiel ever published in this language. It is a translation of Dr. Camden M. Coburn's Commentary on Ezekiel, published in the Whedon Series last year.

Every human pathway runs through sunlight and shadow; and always when it is in the shadow we may be sure that it is hastening on toward the sunlight.

The intensity of modern business life is something dreadful to contemplate. All manner of schemes are resorted to in order that a competitor may be left behind. Sharp wits are sharpened keener still to discover some new wrinkle in advertising or in catching the eyes and ears of customers. Not only is shortage in weight and measure resorted to, but adulteration in all sorts of forms is said, by men who know, to be a common thing. Packages are broken open and a little taken out of ten packages to make up a new eleventh one and thus be able to cut the price of each package a trifle. In this way many high-minded and upright merchants are driven to the wall. They cannot compete with this sort of business. Can Christian people do any better than to deal regularly with honest and reputable merchants, even if they do seem to charge a trifle more than some others, and let the bargain-counters go?

Nobody Believes It

ATTENTION was called recently in these columns, to the fact that hyper-conservative students of the Scriptures are characterizing all who hold what are known as modern views of the Bible as higher critics, and affirming that Dr. T. K. Cheyne and the "Encyclopedia Biblica" are illustrations of higher criticism and its work. So far as we are concerned, we have from the first had no confidence in Dr. Cheyne's theological opinions or in his views of the Bible. He is and has been for years utterly reckless, unsafe, and wholly destructive in his findings. When he was lecturing several years ago in this city, we emphatically warned our readers against him. As evidence of his "mental aberration," attention is called by the *Biblical World* to the fact that, as editor of the "Encyclopedia Biblica," he committed to such an extremist as Van Manen the writing of an article on Paul. In illustration of Van Manen's work, done under the direction of Dr. Cheyne, a single paragraph containing his views, as given in the *Biblical World*, is herewith presented: [Paul] . . . "a semi-mythical tent-maker, 'probably a Jew by birth,' who made one journey of which there is little or no record, who had never dreamed of 'Paulinism,' and who is to be known best in a writing which is no longer extant; and a collection of pseudopigraphic letters written by a school who chose to bear the name of this 'Paul,' who zealously defended the apostolic authority of a man of whom they knew all but nothing, who created historical situations suitable to justify them in attributing to him doctrines of which he had no suspi-

cion, and the need of which was not felt in their own day." This article on Paul denies to the apostle the authorship of even the four great epistles attributed to him by practically all classes of critics. To call a person a higher critic and to class him with Cheyne because he accepts certain assured results of modern Biblical study that in no way affect the essential truths of the Scriptures, is as absurd as it is wicked. We do not know any Methodist minister or layman who is in accord with Dr. Cheyne. Nobody believes what he holds. Why will not people learn to discriminate?

THE EARLIEST HEBREWS *

THESE two books are akin in that both alike stretch far back towards the roots of our religion; also because both are somewhat startling in their disclosures and declarations.

Professor Curtiss takes the position — reasonable, we think, when fairly considered, though at first sight surprising — that the present inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, especially those in the undisturbed back-country districts, have retained unchanged, as Oriental people invariably do, through these many thousand years, the religious customs and superstitions of their remote ancestors; in short, that the most ancient Semitic religion may be investigated today in these old Semitic lands where Semitic forms of speech are still heard and the Semitic stock has maintained itself amid all the perturbations of migration and conquest. It can scarcely be doubted, he thinks, that the descendants of the ancient Canaanites are here, and that the simple modern Semite, seen in the Nusairiyeh and Ismailiyeh of northwest Syria, who has remained untouched by the world's progress, represents the primitive religion which was in existence before the Babylonian Empire was thought of.

If with this we put the other thought which he emphasizes, namely, that the most spiritual conceptions of the Old and New Testaments have been gradually evolved from the ancient Semitic conceptions, under the guiding and controlling power of God; that revelation has taken not a little of its form and color from primitive Semitic religion; that the religious institutions of Israel are the outgrowth of those of the primitive Semites, very considerably taking their shape and form, and finding a historical starting-point there, we at once see how deeply interesting a field of research is here opened. Prof. Curtiss has been cultivating it now for several years with great pains and intense satisfaction; and the results of his studies, which he expects to carry on still farther, are given in this handsome volume. The high places, groves, pillars, sacred shrines, the institution of sacrifice, the "bursting forth of blood," the festivals, vows and local divinities, together with many other matters which crop out frequently in the Old Testament, are found in living use today, and great numbers of Scripture texts are

freshly illustrated. The book certainly helps to bring the Old Testament into line with modern life and make its history much more easily realized.

Professor Paton has done us a similar service by bringing together in convenient shape the fullest and latest results of archaeological research. Explorations are constantly going on, and new discoveries are continually being made in Babylon, Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, and very much light has thus been thrown on the early history of Bible lands and Bible peoples. Few of our readers, perhaps, have much idea as to the radical changes in old conceptions and traditions which these modern discoveries are necessitating. We recommend them to become informed by perusing this book. It is one of a most important series of hand-books on Semitics, edited by Prof. James A. Craig, of the University of Michigan, and contributed to by such authorities as Prof. McCurdy of Toronto, Prof. Sayce of Oxford, and Prof. Hilprecht of Pennsylvania. No one who wishes to keep pace with the progress of learning in this most important department can afford to neglect these volumes. The monuments, it was thought at one time, were about to become a bulwark of orthodoxy against the too venturesome and unreliable speculations and conclusions of those scholars who looked at things from a purely literary point of view. But that hope was speedily destined to discouraging failure.

Professor Paton — and he is in line with all the other leading authorities — from the mandate of the monuments finds himself obliged to reconstruct the history of the patriarchs, the result of which is that the book of Genesis takes on a different character from that which has commonly been put upon it. It has the advantage of making the history ten times more lifelike and real by assimilating it to the history of the rest of the world, such as we know it, from unquestionable sources of information, to be and to have been. And if it necessitates some alteration, as it undoubtedly does, in the customary view of the earliest books of the Bible, we fail to perceive that anything essentially important for Christianity has been altered or even put in jeopardy. We are enabled in this book to see the Hebrews in their associations and relations with other Semitic tribes of the desert as they emerge from the dim distance of legend into historic view, and we get a much clearer conception as to how it all came about, this Jewish religion into which our own stretches its roots, than by any other means. We get a correct picture of Palestine B. C. 2000, and a glimpse of its condition one thousand years before that. We learn where the Hebrews came from, who they were, who were their brothers and cousins, what they did, or failed to do, in a very refreshing and convincing manner. There is confirmation to the Scripture narrative at some points, and quite the contrary at others. But whoever wants to get the truth will welcome books of this sort and read them. We have not space to indicate the very important conclusions of this Hartford scholar, but we have no hesitation in commending the spirit of the book, and urging our readers to peruse it with care.

* PRIMITIVE SEMITIC RELIGION TODAY. By Samuel Ives Curtiss, Professor of Old Testament Literature in Chicago Theological Seminary. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$2 net.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF SYRIA AND PALESTINE. By Lewis B. Paton, Professor of Old Testament Exegesis in Hartford Theological Seminary. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

AN EVANGEL FROM THE SEA

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

How close, how dead, this furnace air
That wilts the seaport town!
The old fort flag surrenders too,
Its folds hang lifeless down.

How hushed once tuneful groves of pine,
How dead seems every tree!
Oh, for the sweep, the stir, the strength,
Of winds from off the sea!

Ha! ha! the breeze has come! The pines
Are singing to the sky.
Out on the wind Old Glory streams,
Its starry crown waves high.

To all come heart and hope anew;
The pauper chats of wealth,
The sick upon their beds thank God,
And smile and plan for health.

For those who go afield for food,
Whose hands may weary be,
A gospel's cheer is in that flow
Of music from the sea.

They cry, "Thou Wind of Pentecost,
From out the heavens blow!
With songs of faith, we sow, we reap,
And home the harvests go."

Watertown, Mass.

SOME PHASES OF PRESENT THOUGHT

REV. FRANK C. HADDOCK, D. D.

TWENTY years ago Goldwin Smith and James Anthony Froude declared evil of their time: "A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is apparently at hand." "An intellectual revolution is sweeping over the world, breaking down established opinions, dissolving foundations on which religious faiths have been built up. Science, history, philosophy, have contrived to create universal uncertainty."

Beyond question, much of the old simplicity of faith is going. But every year brings fresh signs that the "collapse" and "revolution," apparent enough in many respects, are merely preparatory to a vast reconstruction in all the symbolism of life which shall make the present century the most splendid in Christian history. Modern thought is almost wholly an interrogation, in very little a positive affirmation, but it certainly questions in the interest of truth. Nothing seems more evident today than that attitude of expectation which assures, all around the horizon, ultimate Christianity. This attitude has even found the metropolitan press.

Nevertheless, there is demanded, along with a facile hope, a fresh incarnation of spiritual reality. Loss of confidence in accepted religious forms, whether of ritual or rubric, raises but one question — a new appeal to reason. This appeal can be met, not by dogmatic assertion, but by re-interpretation of revealed verities. Whatever is true in revelation is abiding. Beliefs are not necessarily false because they are old, and they are not necessarily true because they are new. To the heart of the church this much is certain: New truth, so-called, must justify by what we well call the "eternal verities."

To the demand for a fresh unfolding of the ancient symbols several activities have contributed.

Scientific Investigation

has brought splendid results. Whatever its spirit, and notwithstanding its errors, science has removed fables, cultivated inquiry, developed fearless and clear vision,

and compelled theology to re-examine its evidences and to re-state its convictions. Above all, it has brought about a feeling that religion must somehow find its basis in the nature of things rather than in any mechanics, whether of a Divine Word or of human interpretation.

But science has also discovered its limitations. There is abroad a pretty settled opinion that it is not fulfilling, and cannot fulfill, its earlier promise of an exhaustive explanation of nature. A true knowledge of the material world inevitably transcends the bare ascertainment and cataloguing of physical facts. When real causes and real being are closed out of consideration, a system becomes merely a fabric of logic, having no visible foundation; and, for that reason, however true in its materials or imposing as a creation it may be, it cannot satisfy rational thought. The older form of theology, on the other hand, in some phases at least, failed equally, because, while it contained, of course, a vast deal of truth, its interpretations were more or less impossible to the scientific spirit. Many Christian scientific men today ignore such interpretations and read into doctrine their own ideas, which they hold to be in harmony with a natural universe, and therefore a natural, that is, a nature-forming, God. The chasm which separates objects of science from objects of faith calls for bridging by interpretations justified in nature and inevitably rather than arbitrarily leading to a spiritual kingdom.

A system of thought which is not grounded in the natural can never demonstrate the supernatural.

From another direction a similar appeal is presented by the

Social Movement of the Times.

In this "world-wide stirring of the masses, what is desired is change, not merely in surface phenomena, but in the foundations of the social order." If such be the case, the need of right religious conceptions, and the fact of their relation to it, are apparent. For the movement has its theological (or anti-theological) doctrines, and some of them are hostile to Christianity and the State, even considered as institutions capable of improvement by the elimination of acknowledged evils. That hostility is recognized as a peril. So great is it that if thoughtful men, who are not identified with the movement on its under side, and who are not Roman Catholics, are asked whether we might not wisely choose, as between the Vatican, symbol of ecclesiastical authority, and Socialism, symbol, often, of anarchy — the Vatican, they reply in the affirmative. But the real choice lies between anarchy and Christianity. The importance of the fact is seen in the failure of the ancient theology, as constructed and transmitted, to quiet this "world-wide stirring of the masses." No one believes, however, that the failure is prophetic. The masses, because they are human, possess the fundamentals of religious faith, and they are amenable to reason in modern times as they have been in all times. If they can be made to see that, as there is no escape from the nature of things, so there is no escape from spiritual laws and their consequences because

a part of the nature of things, civilization will come to power adequate to every assault of discontent, whether proceeding from Rome or Paris, from New York or St. Petersburg. Here is the problem of the church, before which billion-dollar trusts, expansion and Boer wars are incidental and in a real sense accidental.

There is a third class of men and women whose religious thought is emphatically a demand for reconstruction. It is large and vastly important. It is found in nearly all the

Thoughtful Grades of Life.

among professional people, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, farmers. They respect the Christian religion as suggested by the Christ; they perceive clearly the uplifting influence which He exerts upon the world; but they are prevented from allying themselves with existing forms of Christian communion by doctrinal theories and requirements and the alleged attitude of some parts of the church toward modern interpretations of the language of truth. What Christ is to humanity they see and acknowledge; what the church aims to do they concede as largely good; but they cannot be brought to accept theology as clothed in mediæval terms, nor creed-statements, whatever their form, which are chiefly remarkable for mystery, representing a system of things seemingly foreign to the present order of life as they know that order, or think they know it, and, in their thought, having no natural relation to or connection therewith. They do not deny that theology has truth, but the truth does not "find" them as theologically interpreted. They sincerely desire a system of religious reality that is perennially a part of God's universe, and, therefore, natural and reasonable. They observe the battle going on between good and evil, and discern that true religion must be on the side of the good, and they are anxious to ally themselves with truths and forces which make for the welfare of man. But the church, it must be confessed, does not seem to appeal to them. It is not at present what they believe they need. In their way of thinking it divorces that which is natural and that which is religious. It does not appear always to be on the side of right. It often seems to prefer its own interest to human welfare, and its rubrics to truth. And so they remain outside the traditional field of the Christian life.

But the demand issues as well from

Quarters Professedly Christian.

That fact is one explanation of so-called "liberal" circles. Would there not be less "liberalism" today had there been in the past less of the factory element in orthodox conceptions of God, Christ, revelation and salvation? A God who has little to do with nature but to interrupt its operations from without, a Jesus who is a contradiction of the essential difference between the finite and infinite, a revelation which is chiefly an imposition upon individuality, and a salvation which is prestidigitation rather than development — all this must occasion revolt among inquiring minds. Whatever may be true of scholastic theology, these notions have obtained within the circle of every-day

Christian thinking, and it does not seem that sufficient care has always been taken by the pulpit and council to reveal, in terms of actual modern life, the eternal reason of the Gospel of Christ. In "Christian Science" one result of a non-modern attitude of the pulpit has a notable illustration. This so-called system, as false as a chaos of truth and error could make it, represents, even by its vice, a present tendency. Materialism is dead. The people could not hold to it. The church has now a supreme opportunity. Whatever assault may be made upon the "system," its cure lies in the method of absorption by the sane mind of Christianity, finding the truth in Scripture and life, and, by that discovery, eliminating the errors. That psychology which has at last escaped the ban of traditional scholarship offers theology, offers judicious Christian thought, an opportunity scarcely before equaled during twenty centuries. To the question, recently put to the writer, "May not the Bible be explained psychologically?" the answer rises, "Yes; but such an explanation makes it more than ever transcendently divine." Why in the world should not the church try to get at the problems of people who are struggling in a mental fog which is not altogether due to error un-mixed, but in part to inability to follow truth far enough, and, by revealing to them what they are seeking, antidote their apparent fondness for the fantastic and the unreal?

Perhaps the topmost indication of present discussions, however, is the feeling that the Christian religion, if true, must

Root Itself in the Nature of Things.

Men see that nature is of God, that it is profoundly deep, and transcendently high, and immeasurably inclusive. They are, therefore, sure that in some way its verities ought to stand related to those of religion; that, indeed, religion ought to be an interpretation of truth of the same essence, though with an advanced purpose, as that of the natural order. They ask for a natural religion which shall include Christ, and provide a natural, that is, a nature-disclosing development of the life of God in the souls of men through that Christ, Himself seen as a nature-demanded expression of such life. I know that inquiring minds seize with avidity, when they understand it, the proposition that what the Divine Life is in and for nature, that He is in and for spiritual man — the creative and immanent Christ, without which no man can realize himself, as no plant or star, apart from His present creative action, can exhibit nature. For such a conception strips off absolutely every accidental and extraneous factor, and leaves the rebel or the hungry soul face to face with the necessities of his being. A theology which begins with the immanent Son of God and a lost man-nature ought to find no difficulty in convincing the world of the need and sweet reasonableness of Atonement, and can no more completely exalt Christ than by presenting Him as "the Bread of Life" to the spiritual in every individual, that is, to the real individual, as He is bread of life to every seed and all harvests in nature. And that, I take it, carries the gist of the theology of the

church tomorrow. Indeed, it is here already, and it will not go down.

Lynn, Mass.

NORTHFIELD IMPRESSIONS

REV. J. D. PICKLES, PH. D.

I HAVE been five days in Northfield, attending, by the courtesy of a parishioner, the annual Christian Workers' Conference. This is the last in the series of great religious gatherings held here during the summer. On hilltops commanding magnificent views of the upper Connecticut Valley, with buildings and tents furnishing accommodations for all comers, the seat of a great educational movement begun by Mr. D. L. Moody and continued under his son, Will Moody, all conditions are favorable to such gatherings, and thousands wend their way here for refreshment of body, mind and heart. They come from all parts of the United States, from Canada, and from foreign lands. Many missionaries are here from many fields. The leaders this year are Revs. G. Campbell Morgan, F. B. Meyer, of England, Revs. L. G. Broughton and A. C. Dixon, of this country, by far the larger part of the addresses and teaching being given by Drs. Morgan and Meyer.

The order of daily exercises is very similar to our camp-meetings — a 6.30 o'clock morning prayer-meeting, two addresses, and sometimes three, in the later forenoon, a musical service and another address in the afternoon, a prayer-meeting at 6.30 P. M., and an evening service at 7.30. Mr. Morgan has been giving a series of expository addresses on the minor prophets. He has also given two addresses to the ministers present on "The Ministry of the New Testament" and "The Preaching of the New Testament." I can only speak in the highest terms of his work. On the minor prophets he showed a most remarkable insight into the spirit and purpose of those ancient seers, a very keen and discriminating power of analysis with reference to their messages, and a trenchant application of those ancient truths to the conditions and needs of the twentieth century. His addresses to the ministers were simply masterpieces, full of saneness, flashing at times with humor, but charged always with a tremendous earnestness, and full of positiveness and power. Mr. Morgan grows upon one as he listens. He is a man of affluent resources, evidently a hard student, with large outlook on men and things, and with a profound conviction that he is called of God to preach a Gospel whose facts are immovable and whose doctrines are unchangeable. He is evidently open to all legitimate advances of scholarship as they may affect the Bible, but as evidently is sure that no scholarship can change the message or displace the Bible as a divine and authoritative revelation of God to man.

Dr. Meyer directs his efforts more particularly to the development of the Christian life in its higher forms. He represents the Keswick teaching of the possibilities of the Christian life which, as far as I could make out, urges the fullest consecration to God and the infilling of the Holy Spirit, but differs from the Wesleyan view of Christian holiness in that it allows

for carnality still remaining in the heart to be removed as it comes to consciousness. And yet at times he would seem to get on Wesleyan ground in spite of himself. However, apart from theories and theologies, he is evidently a man of God and speaks with power, exalting Jesus Christ and the Bible as God's supreme revelation to man. His sermon on Sunday morning on "The Lordship of Christ" was greatly blessed to my own soul.

The Sabbath services were distinctly evangelistic, appeals being made both morning and evening for personal surrender to Jesus Christ, resulting in a goodly number entering the service of the Master. In the after-meetings both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Meyer went among the seekers in good old Methodist fashion, giving instruction and encouragement.

It has been a Conference of great power and blessing, and must be productive of untold good to the churches and communities represented. Some three hundred ministers were present, about fifty of them Methodist. The Baptists seemed to be at the front this year as to leadership. The Methodists have not been recognized as much, perhaps, by the management as would have been beneficial to both parties. This arises possibly from the fact that we have so many camp-meetings of our own, and possibly the feeling that we are not so fully in sympathy with the doctrines taught here, as, for instance, the pre-millennial coming of Christ which is strongly emphasized and urged. The supreme thought, however, in all the services has been the total surrender of the soul to Christ and the baptism of the Holy Spirit for service. Surely Methodists, both preachers and people, ought to respond fully and heartily, by reason of both history and tradition, to such teaching, and seek to have our churches centres of spiritual life and power in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers.

Westfield, Mass.

A VISIT TO A BOER PRISONERS-OF-WAR CAMP

MARY PUTNAM STEARNS.

THE sun was just rising over the peaks of the lofty Himalayas which enclose the beautiful Naini Tal, when we started on our eleven-mile journey to visit the camp of the Boer prisoners of war which is located at Bhim Tal. It might be well to explain here that the word "tal" means "lake," and "Bhim" is the name of the Hindu Hercules.

Our party consisted of seven, and we had two ponies and three dandies, which are a kind of chair in which one sits and is carried by coolies. We changed about, taking turns riding and walking, and so no one got very tired. We also had a very large lunch basket which a coolie carried on his head.

It was a charming trip over the mountains. For miles the road, which was a mere bridle-path, extended along on a sort of shelf, cut out high up on the mountain-side where we could look down over the edges of steep precipices, sometimes to a depth of four hundred feet; then it would dip down into pretty valleys, across bridges over deep ravines and gorges

where huge rocks were piled — oh! so high; then out into the sunshine again, past the fields and huts of the mountaineers, past flocks of goats, herded by brown-faced and brown-eyed Hindu boys and girls, who salaamed most respectfully as we went by them.

It took us four hours to do the eleven miles, for in some places the path was very steep, and we went slowly so that those who were walking could keep up with the ponies and dandies. We were hungry when we reached the dāk bungalow, or government rest house, at Bhim Tal, and were very glad to stop and have our breakfast. A large table was spread on the cool, shaded veranda, and the contents of the lunch basket was temptingly arranged on the dishes furnished by the white-turbaned *khidmatgar* of the dāk bungalow. He also brought hot water for making tea, served us at the table, and washed the dishes. We knew his solicitations for our comfort were all because of the rupee backshish which he felt sure of receiving at the end of the meal. He was not disappointed, nor were we.

For a short time we rested by the lake, and then, summoning our coolies who had been peacefully smoking the *hookah* and eating gram under a neighboring tree, we went on to the camp.

In a cool broad valley between two high ranges of the Himalayas, lies this camp of England's prisoners, and it presents a most picturesque appearance as one sees it from the winding, mountain bridle-path. The Boers who are brought here are on parole, and have taken oath not to attempt to escape. There are one hundred and eighty tents sheltering five hundred prisoners and two hundred and twenty British soldiers who act as guards.

Some distance outside the camp limits we met groups of Boer boys trudging along the path or perched high in big trees eating the wild figs, evidently with a keen relish. I remarked to some one in front of me as we passed along: "See that Dutch boy in the tree," and instantly from the tree came the response, "Ya."

An English corporal conducted us over the camp, and as he took us from one quarter to another and showed us the tents of the prisoners, all the men greeted him most pleasantly, and they seemed more like good friends and comrades than like guard and prisoners.

The tents appeared to be very comfortable, being furnished with cots, tables and chairs; and the men seemed to be making the most of circumstances and told us that they were receiving kind and considerate treatment. They employ themselves in carving walking sticks, match-boxes, bone brooches, napkin rings, and other small articles, for which they find a ready sale. A number of them speak and read English, and were very glad of a package of papers and magazines which we left with them. Many of them wore bands of black crape upon the coat sleeve or around the hat.

We were surprised to see a large number of mere boys among the prisoners; some of them appeared to be not over twelve or fourteen years old, and there were many of sixteen or eighteen years. There was a large field on the camp where these boys were allowed to play football and other games. All the prisoners were very polite,

and as we passed through the camp greeted us courteously. Some said that when the war was over they should remain in India; others had decided to go to America; and others would return to South Africa.

We left the camp at 4.30 and set out on our homeward way. The journey was made interesting by a rather dangerous experience. When we were high up on a path which was not more than five feet wide and ran along the edge of a steep precipice, we met a train of heavily laden pack-mules coming down. We took the inside of the path and crowded ourselves back against the mountain-side to let the train pass, but just as they got along beside us, one of the mules, true to ancestral traditions, began to kick. We thought something would surely go over the precipice, but the animal was soon controlled, and no harm was done except that one of the coolies who was carrying my dandy was a bit bruised.

We went on, and soon met a band of pilgrims who were returning from some shrine in the mountains. They looked so picture-que that we tried to get a photograph of them, but they were unwilling to stop even for a moment, as night was fast coming on and they were some distance from their destination. When we were half-way home darkness overtook us, and then the mountains and deep gorges seemed magnified to monstrous proportions. But soon the full moon arose, and the scenery which had so charmed us in the morning was all the more grand and beautiful in the pale, glimmering light of Diana.

It seemed very romantic to be marching in the moonlight, and we all agreed that this was the best part of the journey. We reached Naini Tal a little after nine o'clock, tired and hungry, but very happy, and I am sure few people have had pleasanter trips than this of ours to Bhim Tal.

Isabella Thoburn College,
Lucknow, India.

THE AMUSEMENT QUESTION AND THE CONSTITUTION

ROBERT T. MILLER.

"THE Amusement Paragraph" is said to be statutory law, and should, therefore, be put into the Discipline. It is also said it should be published in the Discipline under the heading "Advice," so as to take away from it the quality it seems to have as such law. The simple question is: "Has it any authority as law separate and apart from that already contained in the constitution?" The fact is, that paragraph has no force, whether viewed conjunctively, disjunctively, or injunctively (?) in connection with the General Rules, which are now a part of the constitution of the church, as they then were of the United Societies. It reads nothing into the constitution not already in it; it reads nothing out of it that is already in it; and if it did either, could have no additional force as law or an "Advice."

It will be remembered by all that "The United Societies" were organized into the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1784; and that the General Conference of 1900 incorporated the General Rules into the constitution of the church, which has just

been proclaimed by the Bishops "as now the fundamental law of the church." By these General Rules "there is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies — a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins. But whenever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruits." *How?* Let us see:

"It is therefore expected of all who continue therein [as members] that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation —

"First: By doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is more generally practiced; such as" — then follows an enumeration of the things that are not to be done any longer, things the novitiate had previously done. This is *reform*, pure and simple ("fruits meet for repentance").

"It is expected of all who continue in these societies that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation —

"Second: By doing good; by being in every kind merciful after their power; as they have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men."

A further enumeration of things to be done then follows. Things not formerly done — further "fruits meet for repentance." This is simply to *perform*.

"It is expected of all who desire to continue in these societies that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation —

"Third, by attending upon all the ordinances of God; such are" — and then follows a third enumeration. This is simply to *conform*. Each of these enumerations contains the evidence of continuance of two things: (a) the desire "to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins;" (b) the continuance of membership, so that by these things specified as evidences of sincerity, the novitiate continues or discontinues, of himself, such "member of these societies."

It is observed that the novitiate is required to do nothing as evidence of his membership, but is required to do several things as evidence of his desire to continue it and to show that he actually desires to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from his sins. He is expected to show this by refraining from doing that which is wrong and is inconsistent with his newly assumed relations; and to do things which are consistent with those relations and to observe other forms which are commonly observed by Christian people and commonly accepted as evidence of their continued desire to be Christian people.

In a word, the whole scheme of this new relation is: 1. Reform from wrong-doing; 2. Perform all right doing; 3. Conform with all right observance, with a view to salvation from their sins.

I am not able to see how the paragraph simply as a law adds to or subtracts from the possibility of salvation from sin. The relation of a man who desires to become and to continue to be a Christian man, is based, not on statutory law, but upon faith in Christ Jesus as the Saviour of men, and this by the individual or voluntary act of that man acting under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

I believe the exactions of that paragraph are hurtful to the church, baneful to enlightened conscience, and that every individual must stand or fall on his own personal responsibility in "the taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." No act has moral character if performed simply because the law prescribes it, and *vice versa*. It must have either the glory of God, or the love of man and the safety of the state, as its underlying inspiration.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP

EDWARD A. JENKS.

LAST winter the writer had occasion to attend a funeral at Concord, N. H. The officiating clergymen were Episcopalians, and one of them read, as a part of the exercises, "Abide with Me," and "Jesus, I my cross have taken," saying that both were written by Henry Francis Lyte. Not being personally familiar with the fact that in later years our works on hymnology had generally ascribed the authorship of the latter hymn to Lyte, and remembering that in my younger days the Hon. Miss Grant was usually credited with its authorship, the statement interested me. Since then I have given the question some personal attention, and find a rather interesting state of things.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken," is one of the best known and most effective of our devotional hymns. "Previous to 1859 it was credited to Montgomery, to the Hon. Miss Grant, or to her brother, Lord Glenelg, or to her other brother, Sir Robert Grant." So says the editor of "English Hymns: Their Authors and History," Samuel Willoughby Duffield (p. 283). So, according to Mr. Duffield, up to 1859 Mr. Lyte's name was not connected with the hymn as its author — except as hereinafter stated.

It is evident that Montgomery was not its author. I have examined with great care various authentic editions of his poems, and in none of them does the hymn appear. On the contrary, the fifth volume of the edition of his works, published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, and copyrighted in 1858, was prepared by Montgomery's own hand, and contains all his hymns. In his own language, dated January 1, 1853, he says: "They are now given to the world in that form of words for which he can, at present, hold himself responsible." The hymn in question does not appear among them; nor is there a single lyric in the entire volume of 359 pages that even remotely suggests it. Montgomery died April 30, 1854, and the preparation of this volume for the press was practically his last work. Montgomery, then, was clearly not its author.

Did Mr. Lyte write the hymn, or was the Hon. Miss Grant its author? — for between these two evidently lies its authorship. I can find no evidence that either of Miss Grant's brothers ever claimed it, although, because the Grant family were of high degree, all literary, and all writers of beautiful hymns, public opinion ascribed it first to one and then to another of that remarkable family, partly, it may be, because on its first appearance it bore the signature G., and so might represent one member of this family of poets as well as another. Most of the early editions of sacred poetry, compiled since this hymn was written, up to 1859 — and they are legion — have ascribed it unequivocally to Miss Grant. So far as is positively known, Lyte never claimed it as his own; it was left for his admirers to do this after his death in 1847.

And here will appropriately come in something more from Mr. Duffield. He says: "We are indebted to Dr. Belcher for the identification of this hymn with the author's [Lyte's] name." Mr. Belcher "pointed out the fact that it appeared in Lyte's 'Poems, Chiefly Religious,' 1833" (really '34). Now this identification is of questionable authority, for the Encyclopedia Britannica says: Lyte "published a volume of 'Poems, Chiefly Religious,' in 1833, and in the following year a little collection of psalms and hymns entitled, 'The Spirit of the Psalms.' These productions were drawn from various sources, but many were his

own." If the Britannica is correct, the whole secret of its ascription to Lyte is revealed, "Poems, Chiefly Religious," was compiled by Lyte, and made up partly of his own poems and partly of others that had taken his fancy; and the volume was published in 1834. It were easy to see, then, how in these later days, far from the authors and their productions, it became possible (?) for Mr. Belcher to identify the authorship of this hymn; while Mr. Duffield and other hymnologists, and the encyclopedias, all find it convenient to follow amiably in his wake. It saves laborious investigation.

Mr. Duffield further says (page 283): "The date assigned to this hymn is generally given as 1833. But we have found it copied from the *Home Missionary Magazine* into the *Religious Magazine* for March, 1829." And yet Mr. Duffield remarks positively, on page 490, evidently quite unmindful of his statement on page 283, that it was "composed by Mr. Lyte in 1833." Apparently these careful investigators are in a muddle.

Now, to show the inaccuracy of Mr. Belcher and Mr. Duffield, and the generally unsatisfactory character of their investigations, I will quote from "The Dictionary of Hymnology," by John Julian (vicar of Winchbank, Sheffield, Eng.), Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1892: "This hymn is found in a volume of 'Sacred Poetry,' Edinburgh, Oliphant & Sons, 3d ed., 1824, in 6 st. of 8 l. . . . and signed 'G.' In 1825 it appeared in Montgomery's 'Christian Psalmist,' No. 94, with the same signature." And yet Mr. Belcher and Mr. Duffield (and their merry followers) persist in placing the date of its authorship as 1833. Why, the hymn was published in this country, in New York, in 1831 — three years before Mr. Lyte published it in England in his collection (see "Christian Lyre," published by Jonathan Leavitt); and by Oliphant & Sons, in Edinburgh, ten years before. And it is singular that when Lyte published his earliest volume of poems, in 1826, he did not include this hymn among them, when it had actually been written at least three years.

Mr. Julian, in "The Dictionary of Hymnology," ascribes the authorship of the hymn to Mr. Lyte (page 599), but, singularly enough (on pages 706 and 707), under the name Henry Francis Lyte, where he gives a careful list of Lyte's "best known and most widely used" hymns, omits "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and also omits it in the following "complete list" of his hymns "in common use." The omissions in these two important lists are significant. Julian also says: "In many instances . . . he [Lyte] is credited with more than is his due."

The companion hymn to "Jesus, I my cross have taken," is "Soul, then know thy full salvation." It is also necessarily ascribed to Lyte by Mr. Duffield, because the two hymns were first published as one — six eight-line stanzas; and the two hymns are exactly alike in poetical structure. Of course whoever wrote one wrote the other. And so Dr. Belcher and the author of "English Hymns," having settled the question in their own minds that Lyte wrote "Jesus, I my cross have taken," had but one door open to them concerning the other hymn, namely, to make him the author of both. But the early collections — those that were nearest the poems and their authors — when it would seem to be comparatively easy to place their authorship, ascribed the hymn, "Soul, then know thy full salvation," to the Hon. Miss Grant.

To quote Mr. Duffield again: "In Mr. Lyte's own language, he was 'jostled from one curacy to another,' his education had

been obtained at the cost of a severe struggle, and his Brixham congregation was in many points very uncongenial to him (not a very unusual experience, one might surmise, for a young curate). Yet he bore every cross nobly; and such a hymn as the present may well be taken as the deep and true utterance of the singer's own soul." A bit of delicious special pleading, by the way, to adapt his circumstances to the hymn, and to pave the way for the surprising decision that he must have been the author of a lyric entirely unlike him, and one to which for years he had never seen fit to attach his name! Having been "jostled" from curacy to curacy, imagine a full-orbed, whole-souled, broad-chested Christian writing, —

"Naked, poor, despised, forsaken!"

And it is an interesting fact in this connection that a careful examination of all that Lyte ever wrote reveals no other hymn that even remotely suggests this one, in form, in style, measure, or mode of thought. There is no internal evidence in any of his work that he could have written it.

Lyte died in Nice in 1847. Several editions of hymns containing "Jesus, I my cross have taken," ascribing its authorship to Miss Grant, were published while he was active in the literary field, and yet he never uttered a protest, or intimated, so far as I can find, its paternity in himself. It was published in collections (found in the New Hampshire State library) in 1841 and 1844, and in the "American Hymn and Tune Book" in 1860, with special music attached, and the music called "Grant." The same music, under the same name, appears in many different compilations.

Miss Harriet Auber, writer of many beautiful lyrics — among them "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed," and "Bright was the guiding star that led" — published her "Spirit of the Psalms" in 1829. Mr. Lyte published his "Spirit of the Psalms" in 1834 — a remarkable coincidence in titles, and one that needs explanation. Because Lyte's volume has so frequently been confounded with Miss Auber's, accounts for so many hymns being erroneously credited to him.

The Grants were a remarkable family — educated, literary, and all poets and hymn-writers of a high order. Charles Grant had three sons — Charles, Lord Glenelg; Robert, who was knighted and became governor of Bombay; and Thomas William — and two daughters, one of whom was the Hon. Miss Grant, so extensively credited with the authorship of this hymn. As evidence of the talent and culture of this family, see Sir Robert Grant, 1779-1838, "Poems" (1839), edited by his brother Charles, Lord Glenelg. This Robert was the author of these fine hymns — "When gathering clouds around I view," "Saviour, when in dust to Thee," and, "O worship the King, all glorious above."

The pathetic story of the origin of this lyric, as I remember it forty years ago, is substantially and briefly as follows: The Grant family were devout members of the English Church. The young daughter became a Dissenter — a Methodist, I think. She conscientiously adhered to her new faith, which resulted in estrangement from the family and in persecution. She was, for a time at least, practically disinherited, and great suffering in various ways ensued. When the clouds were at their blackest, and every earthly friend had apparently abandoned her, she, "from the depths," wrote the hymn,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

Here was a reason for writing such a hymn. Did Miss Grant write it, or did Henry Francis Lyte?

Concord, N. H.

THE FAMILY

EARTH'S INTERCHANGE

On hillsides overgrown
With summer flowers, that hear the wild
bee's drone,
The slender birches grow
Amid the fair green leaves, like rifts of
snow
Whispering of winter, though the warm
winds blow.

And in our snowy days
The tall pine lifts its green above the maze
Of purple branches bare
And tangled drifts; and all the frosty air
Feels the lost summer in its leafage fair.

Earth, that with interchange
Of summer joys and wintry sorrows change,
Makes us her guest and friend,
In her best joys a thought of grief doth
send:
"Pleasure is brief," we say, and "Joy must
end."

Yet in our grief she hides
A thought of joy, and still our pain divides.
When the cold tempests sting,
Some voice within our hearts doth ever
sing,
"Winter is but the waiting hour for spring!"

—REV. ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN, in *Christian
Endeavor World*.

SEE HOW THEY FALL

IT was a warm summer day. I took a friend down into the orchard. The apricots were ripening fast and the trees looked as if they were covered with gold and emeralds. But while the emeralds (the leaves) kept their places on the boughs, as if they appreciated and enjoyed their setting, the apricots dropped to the ground as soon as they were ripe.

"Oh, see how they fall!" my friend exclaimed. "Why don't they wait until you come to pick them? And look at those on the ground—many of them are bruised and all of them are beginning to rot. It seems too bad that they should try to perish as soon as they are ripe. But that's the way with everything in this world. The word 'ripe' comes from the Anglo-Saxon 'ripan,' to reap. The beauty of perfection is the signal for reaping. And if we don't reap right away, the fruit or grain reaps itself, to punish us for our laziness. How sad this seems! How much nicer if those golden-hued apricots could hang on the tree as the leaves do, all through the summer and autumn."

"I don't know about that," I replied. "The tree needs the leaves because they are the lungs through which it breathes. But it does not need the fruit, and we do. God unites beauty with utility. He made every tree 'pleasant to the sight' because it is 'good for food.' The rich coloring of the apricot is to suggest its richness of flavor and to lead us to gather and feed upon it. And here, as in a thousand other instances, God would teach us to promptly improve the opportunities He gives us. These falling apricots are preaching from the text, 'Now is the accepted time.' God's best gifts are not for the thoughtless and indolent, but for those who are always watchful and ready to work."

"But you are mistaken when you say that everything is like these apricots—falling as soon as it is ripe. Come and see. The oranges on this tree were ripe and good for food six months ago. But they do not fall or rot or dry up; nay, they grow sweeter all the time. I am told that in Italy oranges are kept on the trees sometimes for a full year after ripening, and

bring fancy prices on account of this post-graduate process of mellowing and sweetening. The orange has a thick skin, and is so perfectly round that it is not easily bruised, like the apricot or the peach. So you see, my friend, that not all of God's good things are perishable."

And then I took him farther on to a pomegranate tree. This fruit is full of seeds. From that fact it gets its name. It is literally "the apple with many seeds." It was ripe last fall. But it clung to the tree as tenaciously as the orange. It did not grow sweeter like the orange, for there was no sweetness in it to grow. It retained its pleasant acidity and its beauty, however, for a long time, and has only now begun to shrivel and to darken.

Passing by a group of lemon trees, where ripe fruit was mingled with green fruit and blossoms—for the citrus limonum really has no season, but is blooming and fruiting all the year—I stopped before a tree which the Chinese call the "loquat," but whose botanical name is "Photinia Japonica." "This tree," I said, "bears a fruit that is smaller than the apricot, as highly colored and as sweet. The enveloping skin, too, is tender. But when the loquat is ripe, it must be picked. You can't shake it down. It clings to the branch on which it grows more tenaciously than the orange or the pomegranate. If not gathered by hand it gradually shrivels up, and becomes dark colored, hard and tasteless. There it hangs, week after week, rebuking by its increasing ugliness and worthlessness the man who neglected to pick and eat it when it was ready."

And now do not these varieties in the orchard illustrate similar varieties in human character? As all fruits are not alike, all men are not alike. Some are relatively precocious. They ripen early. But as a rule the work that they do is not worth as much to the world as that of the orange genus which mature more slowly. And there are men, like the loquat, who hang on until they become shriveled and bitter. A gray-haired cynic, who is ever finding fault with all that is new, and contending that the former times were better than these, has outlived his usefulness.

Now trees cannot control their time of fruitage. But men can in a measure. The first suggestion of wisdom to an ambitious youth is: "Don't be in a hurry. The earliest fruit is not always the best and it is usually the most perishable. Learn to labor and to wait. Give your ideas time for full development and let them sweeten by prayerful meditation. By so doing you will be able to bear fruit in old age and fruit that coming generations may feed upon and enjoy." —OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL, in *Interior*.

Striking Against Women

PERHAPS numerous men may feel in their sleeves, or wherever it is they carry their secret emotions, that women should not be permitted to work along side of them, doing the same sort of work and receiving the same amount of pay; but very, very few are there who have not the grace to know it is a discreditable thought and one to be well hidden. What, then, is to be said of the men who so publicly announce such sentiments as to "strike" because of them? Too many men are impressed with their importance in the world from a habit, formed years and years ago and still retained, of referring to themselves as a class as the "bread-winners."

Now it has come to pass that it is not men only who are entitled to be so called. As a simple matter of statistics it may be found that the great majority of women who work for their living have one or more per-

sons dependent upon them, and are so obliged to win more loaves of bread than would suffice for them alone. And another statistical result can easily be shown: that a goodly per cent. of women wage-earners are forced to be such by the inability, willful or unintentional, of the man whom the law would hold liable for their support to contribute anything toward it.

Then in this army of women workers one would find very few women possessed of even a modestly competent income from safe investments going out daily to an office or manufacturing establishment there to write or otherwise toil by the side of sisters dependent upon the money earned to secure their bread and butter. If the reasons for this condition were revealed, it would probably be found that a good half of them are that women independent in their own right feel that they are under an obligation to do nothing to prevent one in need from earning a share of wages.

Are there many men who feel delicate about accepting a position they do not actually need because it is necessary that their neighbors should occupy it in order to feed and clothe their families? These things and many others duly considered, then it must seem to the thoughtful observer that women only demand their rights when they insist upon fair play in the fullest sense of the term. — *Boston Transcript*.

MRS. PACKETT'S APPLE-BUTTER BOILING

LOUISE R. BAKER.

MRS. PACKETT had said it, announcing it emphatically at the breakfast table: she was going to give an Apple-Butter Boiling, and she would listen to no argument against it.

"Oh, no," said Virginia Packett, despairingly, "there's no use in the world to try to reason with mother; but I did think that even she would understand that an apple-butter boiling is away out of date."

"Mother doesn't care," said Theodora. "She doesn't mind hurting our pride in the least. It isn't fair."

The two girls were in the shady yard of the picturesque old farm-house. Virginia occupied the hammock, not comfortably and voluptuously as we Americans are accused of occupying things like hammocks, but sitting bolt upright, her lips compressed, her eyes full of indignation. Theodora was standing, and very close to her, twining itself first over a rude trellis and then above into the arms of a gum tree, was a grape-vine. If Virginia had lolled in the hammock, and Theodora—or Theo, as she was called—had leaned idly against the grape-vine, they would have been rare subjects for an artist, for in all the depth and breadth of the country about, it would have been difficult to find two prettier girls than the daughters of the woman who was determined to give an apple-butter boiling.

"We could have a delightful luncheon served right here in the yard," said Virginia; "we could have it countrified enough to please mother, and yet it would be something to which we could invite everybody. I think myself it's nice to be sociable."

"So do I," sighed Theo, "but deliver me from an apple-butter boiling! I thought that little home affair would cure mother."

"Nothing ever cures mother," said Vir-

ginia; and in her voice was the same emphasis that had characterized the tones of Mrs. Packett when she made her announcement at the breakfast table.

Then Theo asked a question, asked it with bated breath and a startled look in her blue eyes:

"Do you think, Virgie, that mother will invite the widow to her apple-butter boiling?"

"Think?" cried Virginia. "I know she will. Let me tell you something right here, Theo Packett; you and I might as well give up trying to become refined and cultivated, for nobody who is anybody in these enlightened times would give an apple-butter boiling. I think I'll go visiting."

"I think I will, too," said Theo.

The grass in the shady yard was long and all glistening with dew. The girls did not hear their father approaching, and they were startled when he stood before them, his horny hands upon the head of his walking stick and a blaze of anger scorching them from the eyes under the bushy brows.

"Well," said Abram Packett, "so you're talking about mother's apple-butter boiling? You've set yourself square against it, eh? I want to say something to you, girls."

He sat down slowly and stiffly upon the edge of the porch, clutched the head of his cane more firmly and planted the end of it securely in the glistening grass.

"First, I want to say that this carrying-on about the apple-butter boiling has got to stop right here. Mother's not to hear a word of it, mind! You're of the opinion that the little home affair of an apple-butter boiling ought to have cured mother; and maybe it might if she didn't have the most forgiving spirit on the face of the earth and liberally forget the way she's been treated. Mother isn't the person to remember how the one of you flirited herself off to bed with a headache, and the other declared that she couldn't practice her music in the day and pare apples at night. She's forgotten the disrespectful conduct of the black women who, following the example of the young ladies of the house, cried out that nobody liked apple-butter anyhow, and betook themselves to more congenial pursuits. She just remembers that the other apple-butter boiling was a failure, and she's made up her mind that this one is to be a success. It's to be a public affair, yes, and everybody's to be invited, from the hifalutin' young widow boarding up at Hibbard's to Allie Brown in her calico frock. This apple-butter boiling is not to be a failure—I'll see to that—and you two girls are not to go visiting; you're to stand by mother and see that she doesn't do all the hard work. There's no use trying to reason with mother, you say, and you're right there. She couldn't be reasoned out of sending the one of you to a normal school and the other to that musical conservatory. In a week or so you'll be busy with your school work, Virginia, and you'll take up your music again, Theo; but while you are enjoying your vacation, don't have your heads in the air over mother's little pleasure—it isn't fair!"

He shuffled himself off the porch; he had just a little more to say to these

pretty creatures who were dear to him, and he said it huskily:

"Don't you comprehend that in all the world you'll never find as true a friend as your old countrified mother? Don't you know, don't you see, that you will only have her with you a little longer? Am I the only one who sees that mother's failing?"

He turned and walked away slowly, his head bent, shambling—he was a very old man.

The girls had sunk into the positions that the artist would have admired, and in the brown eyes and the blue, following the retreating figure, there was a tenderness mingled with alarm.

Theo left the grapevine and advanced to the hammock, but Virginia rose to meet her. Theo gave a little sob as her head rested for an instant on Virginia's shoulder. Neither spoke for a minute, but both were thinking of the same thing. They were in a quiver over the knowledge that their mother was failing, and over something else, too—their mother was failing slowly; their father was failing very fast.

"I will do all that I can to make mother's apple-butter boiling a success," said Virginia.

"So will I," sobbed Theo.

"I don't care if the widow never speaks to me again."

"Neither do I," said Theo.

The widow boarding up at Hibbard's had come out from the city with a number of her friends and turned the quiet house upon the hilltop into a lively enough place. At first the guests from the town kept rigorously to themselves, riding and driving and boating upon the creek, but a longing for diversion caused them finally to seek the friendship of their neighbors. The widow's admiration for Virginia and Theo Packett was very apparent, and was vehemently reciprocated by the girls.

It was not, however, with any pleasure that Virginia and Theo formed similar opinions of how the witty young widow would act upon receipt of an invitation to the apple-butter boiling. "Oh!" she would say to the other boarders, and she would clasp her hands ecstatically and show both rows of pearly teeth, "there is going to be an apple-butter boiling!" Very likely she would say "bilin'." Oh, yes, certainly she would say "bilin'." "Folks," she would explain, "there is going to be an apple-butter bilin' down at Maw Packett's, and we're all invited! Isn't that fine? Going? I? Of course! If anybody dreams that Eleanor Lake Morgan would voluntarily remain at the boarding-house when Maw Packett gives an apple-butter bilin', know ye, ladies and gentlemen right here, that ye are making a heathenish mistake." She would advise all the boarders to apparel themselves daintily and she herself would don some flimsy party-affair of a dress. She would come to the apple-butter boiling and dance over the floor and say that she was from the city and did not know what an apple-butter boiling was; and oh! would she be expected to pare apples? Maybe she could do it if somebody would show her, and it wouldn't make a bit of difference if she did spoil her dress. And then she would

hold the knife far away from her, and very likely "Maw Packett" herself, in the goodness of her heart, would attempt to show the pretty, frivolous thing just how a person did pare an apple. Mrs. Lake Morgan had told all around that she had been surprised to find two such sweet and cultivated girls hidden in an old farm house; but after the apple-butter boiling she would say that she did not know the Packetts were that kind of people, and in her voice there would be a mixture of pity and contempt.

But when Virginia and Theo declared their intention of doing all they could to make the apple-butter boiling a success they meant what they said, and they were not girls to go back on their words.

Mrs. Packett was delighted to have her daughters enter into the spirit of the thing. "When I was a girl," she said, "the apple-butter boilings were among the biggest affairs in the county, and it seems to me a sin to let them die out entirely. I was sorry enough when they dwindled down to little home boilings merely for the butter—and the last one father and I had all to ourselves. I want all the young people in the neighborhood to have a rollicking good time. I want everybody to remember it all their lives, and I want particularly for the young widow to see what an apple-butter boiling is—I like her face so very much."

The invitations were duly issued for Mrs. Packett's apple butter boiling, and on the afternoon of the eventful day the young school-teacher and the musician were busy trimming the rooms. The whole lower floor was to be thrown open to the guests. Parlor, dining-room, sitting-room and kitchen were liberally decorated with great branches of summer apples, red and yellow and green. In the wide hearth of the kitchen swung the kettle, and outside, back and front, in the shady yard, were the pumpkin lanterns. Then the girls put on white aprons over their plain dresses and waited.

In her snowy cap and her snowy apron the little old mistress led the old man through the rooms. When they reached the parlor she opened the piano, explaining happily that she had asked Theo if she wouldn't sing, and Theo had said yes, promptly.

"Aren't they both fine girls, father?" she asked. "Aren't you glad that you let the old threshing machine work for another year so that Virgie could start to the normal at sixteen? Aren't you proud of Theo's playing and her beautiful voice?"

"They're good girls," said the old man, "and the place is wonderful. I believe it will be the finest apple butter boiling that you and I were ever at, mother."

"I'm so glad that I thought of having it, and that the girls have been so willing to help. I couldn't have had it like this if it hadn't been for the girls."

"They're good girls," repeated the old man. "They're all right way down in their hearts. We mustn't always judge by the surface, mother."

"No," said the old lady, "no, indeed;" but she was not thinking of her girls. "I like her face, but she's young and goes with foolish folks, and she seems to have a power of money."

"You mean the widow?" said Abram

Packett. "I'm glad she's coming if you want her, mother."

The widow and the rest of the boarders were by no means among the last of the arrivals. To the surprise of Virginia and Theo Mrs. Lake Morgan was dressed plainly, like themselves, and she and all the lady boarders brought white aprons.

The ways of the lively Mrs. Lake Morgan puzzled everybody that night. She was pensive and abstracted. She said, when questioned, that she thought an apple-butter boiling was perfectly lovely, and she repeatedly admired the decorations, but she pined as if her life depended upon her getting through with a certain quantity, and when Theo sang her mother's favorite song some one said that Mrs. Lake Morgan was off somewhere in the yard.

There was a general breaking-up after the song. Some of the young people ran back to the kitchen to take a last look at the row of well-filled pots, and then the little mistress, smiling and triumphant, was receiving good-bys, with both her hands held out and her cheek ready whenever it was needed.

"It is close on to two o'clock," she said. "Haven't I stood it well, father? Has everybody given me good-by?"

"Everybody but me," said somebody, and there was the young widow coming in from the yard. They saw at once that she had been weeping. She went right up to Mrs. Packett and put her arms about her impulsively, and let her pretty head fall upon the old lady's shoulder.

"I want to thank you for letting me come," she said, "and I want to tell you that I am not always going to be the foolish, frivolous woman you have known during the last few weeks. I have spent money recklessly and most of it is gone, and I — and I" —

"You're young," said Mrs. Packett, smoothing the pretty head, "and you're going to be careful."

"In the country," said the young thing, "there is some one who would give me a home like this — a sweet, pure home like this. I know all about the country, for I was born and raised there, and I am proud of it tonight; and there is some one in the city who would also give me a home and the things that I was learning to love better than my soul. You have saved me. One who marries for love is safe. I am going back to the country tomorrow." She turned about her beautiful, glowing face. "When I am old I want to be like your mother, girls," she said, and then she asked Mrs. Packett to kiss her.

The next minute the young widow was out of the apple-trimmed room and they heard a horse galloping away in the darkness.

The four people standing in the parlor of the farm-house looked at one another, and their shining eyes proclaimed that the apple-butter boiling had been a wonderful success.

Washington, D. C.

— A stupid is a man who expects a woman to do all the talking; a bore is a man who expects her to do all the listening. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are either stupid or bores. But the hundredth man says just enough to suggest an interruption, and he is accounted a charming conversationalist. — Puck.

THE QUIET EYE

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

— Wordsworth.

"To you I am but a voice revealing, not a form of vision; therefore I am bold behind the mask, to speak to you heart to heart; bold, I say, just so much the more that I do not speak to you face to face." — George Macdonald.

I took my favorite George Macdonald and started out for a vacation — to see, that I might have something to tell. The first thing to attract my attention as out of the ordinary was a tin house, made to imitate brick. The window-caps represented granite, but were of tin. It was such a strained effort to appear richer than one could afford. How mean the ambition seemed, how insignificant the sham house looked, especially as compared with some beautiful cottages I saw during a long stroll over the country roads that evening. These were the typical Maine farm cottages, pretty villas of one story, with white paint, green blinds, and spacious yards which were delightfully homely in their half-kept appearance. They seemed very real.

* * * *

I was present at a funeral where a bright, scholarly young preacher had charge. He had a sham voice — slow, artificial, sepulchral, affected. He hesitated in speech — an evidence of profound thoughtfulness (?) — a weariness to all who listened. Going to the burial he told me three times that he had been in Germany! O sham!

* * * *

One evening in a city with which I was not familiar, and where I was alert for sights and open to impressions, I chanced upon two very different efforts to get the attention of people. The first was a Negro street concert; the second was a tent-evangelistic service. The Negroes sang rag-time and had a crowd. They had located near a corner where the multitude must pass, and many fine-appearing, well-dressed people stopped to listen. The evangelist was an excellent preacher, and had a congregation of seven women and girls! His tent was located in an open field, off a side street, on the very edge of the city where almost none would pass. Location? Yes, that was very largely the trouble. Other examples are near at hand. The children of this world are wise in locating.

* * * *

I visited the shop of an old man, a carpenter and cabinet-worker and a very excellent workman. With a pride that was indeed pathetic he showed me his tools, and told me that in his recent spare moments he had improved his kit, as he said, "For somebody after I am gone." How life had grown about these tools! — or, better, as I knew the man, how life and thoughtfulness had been developed and educated by these tools! And now the old man — a gentleman indeed of the old school — looked on these instruments of his life struggles and victories as Longfellow did on his books:

"Sadly as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight;
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused."

* * * *

I heard that the new preacher was a won-

der, and was very popular. Of course I must hear him. When I entered the church he was sitting, his head resting on his hand, slightly leaning on the table. The pose was elegantly dignified. When he arose to conduct parts in the opening service his appearance and manners were all that could be asked by the most fastidious congregation. He was tall, erect, broad-shouldered, he made a fine appearance, his voice was mellow, rich, pleasing. But when he began to preach, all was instantly changed. The voice began on a high pitch and continued there. The pump-handle action of the arms, the hinge action of the knees, the elasticity of the spinal column, utterly spoiled the dignity of a splendid presence. Compressed lips, with a knowing, "I-have-said-it" jerk of the head, marred the expression of a fine face. The constant repetition of, "To my mind," "I feel," "It is significant to me," and "Brithrin," the sarcastic thrusts at "eminent divines," and the funny gibes at religious conditions, took all the dignity out of a good sermon and ruined the effect of a full hour's consideration of the "Baptism of Pentecost." I found the preacher a most delightful man to meet, a good companion, and an easy conversationalist; and I wonder why he could not preach holiness with a sanctified presence.

BOB WHITE

Down in the meadow grass tender,
Over the brow of the hill,
Deep in the blades long and slender,
Sheltered, and hidden, and still,

There lives my comforter cheery;
Only a bird-life so small,
But in days that are anxious and weary,
My ear listens oft to its call.

"Bob White! Bob White!" it is ringing,
In notes that are liquid and sweet;
Arrow-swift to my heart they are winging
A peace benediction complete.

A message of hope for the morrow,
Of courage and help for today;
"All is right! All is right! Do not sorrow!"
The melody clear seems to say.

So I list to the bird-call with gladness,
As it floats to me up from the sod.
For in days that are heavy with sadness
It comes like a message from God.

— Selected.

The Pictures We Give

A GROUP of girls were laughing and chatting together over some pictures. One of them had been to a photographer, and was showing some "proofs" of herself in various poses.

"Look at this one," she said. "Did you ever see a more scowling and woe-begone creature? And he actually said it was a good likeness, and wanted to finish it up. I suppose I did wear that expression just then, but what a picture to give one's friends to remember one by!"

But to how many friends has she given it, we wonder, printed on their memories — a picture of that discontented, uncomfortable self that will rise before them many a time? We are careful of the miniatures and photographs we bestow upon our friends — they must represent us at our best; but oh! the views of ourselves we leave all unconsciously on the walls of memory! The fretful look when trifles irritated, the cold indifference when some longing eye sought an expression of sympathy, the smile that held a touch of ridicule where there should have been reverence — they make pictures that last. — Wellspring.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GARDENERS ALL

"BURDOCKS and stick-tights are pretty thick in your clover meadow, aren't they, grandpa?" said Jack, as he leaned on the pasture bars, and looked over into the field where the red blossoms were nodding to the breeze.

"Yes, and I shouldn't be surprised at all if a boy about your size helped to plant them," replied grandpa.

"I? Why, I wouldn't even think of doing such a thing as spoiling that lovely meadow!"

"Aha!" said grandpa. "And it's just when people aren't thinking that they do a great many things they did not intend to do. But I know you cannot tell how you planted such ugly weeds in my meadow, and as you are not the only one who did it, I'll have to explain."

"You see in the farther corner of the pasture, and along the sides of the cow-path leading up the hill, there are a lot of burdocks and stick-tights growing. Well, how many times do you think you have played on that path without getting those little seeds fastened into your stockings and clothes?"

"When the seeds are ripe, I would be willing to say that you couldn't pass them once without carrying some of them along with you. Then, on your way to the house, you often take the short cut through the meadow, and sometimes perhaps you have stopped to pull them off because they pricked you, and if you haven't done that, the tall grass and clover have pulled them off for you, as you went through, and there have those seeds been planted, as nicely as you please, among the roots of the meadow-grass."

"Now you see how you have helped to raise that good-for-nothing crop. But Towser is just as good, or as bad, a planter as you, and his shaggy hair has carried many a seed to be brushed off in my clover meadow."

"The cows, too, get their sides, legs and tails caught by the little hands and fingers of those naughty seeds that are not content to stay at home, and when milking-time comes, and Bess, Blossom and Betty come down to the bars and give a rub against the rails to brush off the biting flies from themselves, down fall the seeds through the fence, and in the springtime up comes a border of burdocks and stick-tights on the meadow side as well as on the pasture side of the fence."

"How strange, grandpa! I never thought seeds were such travelers before. How came the thistles here?"

"They flew," said grandpa. "I have often heard you say you liked to see the thistles sailing in the air, but you did not know that each one was carrying a little brown seed to drop into somebody's field, perhaps. The dandelions carry their seeds in the same way, and so do the milkweeds and a few other weeds, too. There are some weeds whose seed-pods pop when ripe, and scatter the seeds over a wide space; then birds carry many seeds, and let them fall while eating; and heavy winds blow pretty large ones sometimes a long way. So you see there

are many gardeners at work that we do not always stop to think about."

"Well," said Jack, "I'm glad that you told me about them, for I did not know there were so many planters in the world. I cannot keep the winds or the birds from bringing you those bad seeds, but, anyway, I will not go through the meadow again with stick-tights or burdocks on my clothes; and in the morning, if you will let me take the corn-knife, I will cut down the big weeds that the cows and Towser and I didn't mean to plant." — BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE, in *N. Y. Evangelist*.

To My Child

All that I know is that you are to me
Wind over water, star on the sea.

Dear heart!
Near heart!
Long is the journey,
Hard is the tourney;
Would I could be by your side when you
fall —
Would that my own heart could suffer it
all!

— Edwin Markham.

Breaking a Wishbone

"WILL you break this wishbone with me, mamma?" said a little girl, as she held up the well-dried bone of a fowl, left from the dinner of the day before.

Mamma broke the bone with her little daughter, after they both made their wishes in silence. The little girl got the wish.

"What was your wish, dear?" asked mamma.

"I don't like to tell," replied the little one.

"As long as you have the wish it does not matter if you tell, dear."

With some hesitancy the child said: "I wished that papa would go to church with you tonight."

The mother was astonished. She supposed, of course, that the child had wished for something specially for herself. A short time before, in the child's presence, the mother had been asking her husband to go to church with her that evening and he had slightly demurred. Lying on the couch in the next room, the father heard the conversation about the wishbone, and was as much surprised at the wish his child had made as the mother was.

After the little girl had told her wish, she said in a low tone: "Now, mamma, we will see for sure if chicken wishbone wishes come true." It goes without saying that the wish did come true. Papa went to church that night with mamma. — *Selected*.

She Had Her Way

A LITTLE girl, noticing cards upon houses in various places about the city, stating the presence of certain diseases, asked her mother what they meant. Her mother explained, and the child remarked mournfully:

"We never have anything like that on our house."

"You wouldn't want it, would you?" said the mother.

"Yes, I would," answered Miss Four-Year-Old.

Some weeks afterwards the little one was taken sick with chicken-pox, but was not confined to her bed. On Sunday morning the mother noticed an amused expression on the faces of people passing by on their way to church and was puzzled to account for it. At last her curiosity was so aroused that she went to the front parlor to learn the cause of the hilarity of the passers-by and discovered that the child had torn up a

box and secured two large cards on which she had printed:

I HAVE GOT
CHICKEN-POX
BAD,

and hung one in each window. Then the mother remembered the child's wish of a few weeks before and noted her satisfaction at its gratification as she watched the effect of her notice on the people in the street. — *Waterbury American*.

OUR DAISY CHAIN

FROM time to time we shall present, under this caption, the faces of some real children from Methodist homes in New England. Therefore interested friends in Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut are requested to send in photographs of the most charming and "cutest" little tots they know — either boys or girls. Naturally it will be impossible to bring out all the pictures received, and those unused will be promptly returned. The name and age of the child, names of the parents, and any bit of interesting information, should accompany each photograph.



Daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Stephan

"What a little rogue!" one feels like exclaiming, on looking at this wee maiden. Her name is Miriam Stephan, and her papa is the Methodist minister at Greenfield, Massachusetts. She is two years old, and is the only child in the parsonage. I shouldn't be surprised if she is lonesome sometimes, and perhaps asks God, when she kneels down beside her little crib to say "Now I lay me," to send her a little brother or sister. Miriam's Grandpa and Grandma Stephan, who live in Ohio, had a golden wedding last year, and their thirteen children — Miriam's papa and eight uncles and four aunts — each sent a gold teaspoon as a gift.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson X

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1902.

DEUTERONOMY 18:9-19.

THE PROPHET LIKE MOSES

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.* — John 6:14.

2. **DATE:** B. C. 1452.

3. **PLACE:** The plains of Moab.

4. **CONNECTION:** The march around Edom; defeat and destruction of Sihon and Og; Balak and Balaam; a second census of the people; Joshua appointed to succeed Moses.

5. **HOME READINGS.** Monday — Deut. 18:9-22. Tuesday — Deut. 12:28-32. Wednesday — Isa. 8:11-20. Thursday — Acts 3:19-26. Friday — Acts 7:35-43. Saturday — Jer. 14:10-16. Sunday — Heb. 12:18-29.

II Introductory

Our lesson is taken from that section in the Book of Deuteronomy which enumerates and legitimizes the three orders through which God would communicate His will to the nation — the king, the priest, and the prophet. The last-named is the one which concerns us in today's study, and this for two reasons: Among God's people the prophetic order was to take the place of the soothsayer, or sorcerer, or whatever other variety of impostor might arise in their future history; and, secondly, this goodly succession of the prophets was to include and culminate in Him who was to be not merely Priest and King, but Prophet also, and hold these supreme relations not to Israel alone, but to every child of Adam who would accept Him. Hence we find at the beginning of our lesson a special warning against any of the magical arts which were and have been so universally practiced, and which are so minutely specified that no Israelite, at whatever period in the nation's history, could plead that he sinned by ignorance in resorting to them. No such "abomination" would be tolerated, nor would it be needed. The inherent craving to know God's purposes would be satisfied at every crisis by the appearance of some holy man who like Moses would be raised up to be the exponent of the Divine will. Whoever should refuse to listen to his words, God would "require it of him."

III Expository

9. **When thou art come into the land.** — They had reached its borders. **Which the Lord thy God giveth thee.** — It was inhabited by other nations, powerful and hostile, but it was "given" to Israel, and no foe could effectively hinder the Divine allotment. **Shalt not learn . . . the abominations of these nations.** — All the superstitious practices referred to were "abominable" because they set aside Jehovah and professed to seek information or help from other real or unreal, diabolical or idolatrous sources; their influence, too, was invariably demoralizing. Says Prof. A. Harper: "In the earlier days of the sacred history there was no enemy so subtle, so insidious, so difficult to meet, as magic and soothsaying. It acquired an influence which was fatal to any real belief in

a moral and spiritual government of the world. Only by actual prohibition, on pain of death, could the case be adequately met."

10. **There shalt not be found among you (R. V., "with thee").** — Such a person shall not be tolerated among you -- shall be put to death or banished. **That maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire** — in Lev. 18:21: "Thou shalt not let any of thy seed pass through the fire to Molech." "Molech, or Moloch, which signifies 'King,' was the idol of the Ammonites. His statue was of brass and rested on a pedestal or throne of the same metal. His head, resembling that of a calf, was adorned with a crown, and his arms were extended in the attitude of embracing those who approached him. His devotees dedicated their children to him; and when this was to be done, they heated the statue to a high pitch of intensity by a fire within; and then the infants were either shaken over the flames, or passed through the ignited arms by way of lustration to insure the favor of the pretended deity. The fire worshipers asserted that all children who did not undergo this purifying process would die in infancy" (J., F. and B.). **That useth divination** — "obtains an oracle from a god by some method of drawing lots" (Driver). "Sometimes headless arrows, on the shafts of which were written various possible events, were shaken in a quiver, and the one that fell out first was held to indicate the future (Ezek. 21:21-23)" (Peloubet). **An observer of times (R. V., "one that practiseth augury")** — "a soothsayer" (Driver). Says Prof. A. Harper: "Whether we believe in the occasional appearance of abnormal powers of the soothsaying kind or not, it is evident that in every nation's life there has been a time in which the moral and spiritual life of men has been threatened in the gravest way by the proceedings of those who claimed to possess them. At this hour the witch-doctor, with his cruelties and his frauds, is the incubus that rests upon all the semi-civilized or wholly uncivilized peoples of Africa. Even British justice has to lay hands upon him in New Guinea." **Or an enchanter** — "or a conjurer, that discovers hidden things by a superstitious use of words or ceremonies, by observation of water or smoke, or any contingencies, as the meeting of a hare, etc." (Pool). **The contemplated action was to be fortunate or not according to the direction in which a toad hopped across the path, or the fancied significance of the next chance word overheard** (Peloubet). **Or a witch (R. V., "a sorcerer")** — "one who is in covenant with the devil, and by his help deludes the senses or hurts the persons of others" (Pool).

11, 12. **Or a charmer** — like serpent-charmers; or one who ties magic knots (Driver); or a fortune-teller. **A consulter with familiar spirits (R. V., "a familiar spirit")** — summoning such by certain words or rites, real or pretended; ventriloquism was sometimes resorted to by this class of impostors (Isa. 29:4). The practice was forbidden under penalty of death (Lev. 20:27). **A wizard** — literally, a "knowing" or "cunning" man; one who undertook to reveal secret things by forbidden ways or practices. **A necromancer** — one that professed to call up and inquire of the dead (1 Sam. 28:8; Isa. 8:19). **Because of these abominations the Lord . . . drive them out** — because of the moral degradation, the prostitution of their religious natures, brought about by preferring soothsayers and sorcerers to the purer revelation which might have been theirs had they sought it.

13, 14. **Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord** — "sincerely and wholly His, seek-

ing Him and cleaving to Him and to His word alone, and therefore abhorring all commerce and conversations with devils or their agents, such as have been mentioned" (Pool). **The Lord . . . hath not suffered thee so to do** — hath interposed by such effective guidance and leadership as Moses had exhibited, thus restraining them for the time being; and yet in spite of this express command, the people of Canaan, especially the Philistines, were a constant snare and stumbling block to the Israelites, on account of their divinations and superstitious practices" (J., F. and B.).

15. **The Lord will raise up unto thee a Prophet (R. V., "a prophet").** — Moses was the first of the long succession of mediators who should culminate in Him who alone would be "like" him. The Israelites would not need to resort to the diviners; the prophet would take his place. Supernatural information and guidance would be granted to God's people at every emergency. **From the midst of thee, of thy brethren.** — The sorcerers and magicians were mostly of foreign origin (Isa. 2:6). **Like unto me** — fulfilled in all its breadth of meaning only in Christ, who alone in the excellency of His ministry and work, in the glory of His miracles, in His familiar and intimate converse with God, could be likened to Moses. "And this place is expounded of Christ alone by God himself in the New Testament, Acts 3:22; 7:37. See also John 1:45; 6:14" (Pool). "As the crown and embodiment of all that the prophets had aspired to be, the Messiah alone completely fulfilled this promise, and consequently the Messianic reference is organically one with the primary reference" (Prof. A. Harper).

What is a prophet? Not merely a predictor of future events. In this respect the greatest of prophets — Moses, Samuel, Elijah — have but a low place among the "goodly fellowship" (as the *Te Deum* calls it). Not a fore-teller so much as a forth-teller — one who tells forth God's messages. The Hebrew word (*nabi*) is derived from a root signifying the bubbling up of a spring, and the idea of a prophet is primarily one who speaks under an uncontrollable impulse of divine inspiration. And we see striking illustrations of this in Balaam, who, much to his own vexation, could only speak "that which God put in his mouth;" in King Saul, when he "propheesied, and did not cease;" and in the prophets alluded to by Peter, who were not permitted to comprehend fully the words they were commissioned to utter (1 Pet. 1:11, 12). Sometimes the prophet had not only to speak, but still more, to act (see particularly Deut. 34:10-12); in all respects he was the representative of Jehovah. When Moses, in the exercise of his own prophetic gift, promised Israel that God would raise up unto them another prophet, he used the word in its largest sense. "Like unto me," he said; and what had he been to the people? Deliverer, Leader, Ruler, Judge, Intercessor, Teacher, Lawgiver, and also Predictor of the Future (Stock).

16, 17. **According to all that thou desiredst . . . in Horeb** — alluding to that terrifying occasion when, at the giving of the law, the people, in abject fear, be-

Eczema

How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scales!

Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.

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sought that God would cease His visible and audible communications and appoint Moses His mediator and spokesman.

18. Will put my words into his mouth—a statement of the highest importance, showing that the revelation that came by Moses did not exhaust the Divine purpose; that to succeeding prophets would be granted new light to suit the varying conditions of God's people, and exhibiting God's intention that never until the end of time should the limit of manifestation be reached. Even until the end the Holy Spirit will be the guide of faithful men into all truth. Says Prof. Andrew Harper: "As the world grows older, new outlooks, new environments, new circumstances, continually appear, and they all insist upon being dealt with by the church. In order to deal with them adequately and worthily, a faithful church must turn to Christ to see what God would have it to do; and if Christ be what we take Him to be, there will issue from Him a light, unseen or unnoticed before, to meet the hitherto unmet need."

19. Whosoever will not hearken . . . I will require it of him—will punish him for it (see Gen. 9:5; 42:22). The history of the Jews during the past eighteen centuries is a striking commentary on this threat.

IV Illustrative

1. In these latter days, not less than in those of old, men need to know Christ through living human types of Him. Since He has passed out beyond the range of our sensual vision, His office needs to be repeated and His work continued by some who, in their lesser way, can be mediators like Himself, knowing God and knowing men; taking of the things of God and showing them to men; taking, too, of the things of men, the sorrows, the needs and the sins of men, and presenting these before the throne of the heavenly grace. To such intercession is every Christian called by Him who says: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you" (Samuel Lane Loomis).

2. We have still a living God and a living church, and a multitarious and wonderful world to deal with. Interaction of these cannot be avoided, nor can it occur without new truth being evolved. To have ears and not to hear, to have eyes and not to see, must be as offensive to God now as it was in Old Testament times. Though we have now no inspired prophets to foresee and interpret, we have in all our churches men whose ears are better attuned to the celestial harmonies than others, whose eyes have a keener and surer insight into what God the Lord would speak; and we ought to hear them, to see at least whether they can make their position good. To reject their teaching, only because some element or aspect of it is new, is to deny the guiding providence of God, to turn our back upon the rich stores of instruction which the facts of history, both secular and religious, are fitted to impart. That can never be Christian duty. Even if it were possible, it would be futile. The light will be received by the younger, fresher and less stereotyped natures in all the churches; and those who refuse it, in holding obstinately and with exclusive devotion to what they have, will find it shrink and shrivel in

their hand. . . . Doubtless new teaching will come to us in ways congruous to the completed revelation of our Redeeming God; but it will come; and it should be welcomed as gladly as the teaching of the prophets was welcomed by faithful men in Israel. It is not, then the Divine threat will apply in this case as fully as in the other: "Whosoever will not hearken unto My words which he shall speak in My name, I will require it of him" (Prof. A. Harper).

Ineligible

A MAN of upright life was invited by his pastor to unite with the church. His family were members in it. He usually attended its services, liked its minister and enjoyed its associations. But he shrank from making a public confession of discipleship of Christ. He was past middle age, held a public office, and his counsel was often sought by young men. To take this step seemed to him an admission that he had made a grave mistake. If he ought to unite with the church, then he ought to have done it long ago.

One day he dropped a hint to his pastor, who was chairman of the nominating committee of the Congregational Club, that he would like to join that organization. His pastor soon after sent him a note expressing regret that he could not present his name because he was ineligible, membership in the club being limited to members of churches.

Not long after, this gentleman presented himself as a candidate and was received by the church into membership. It was some time before he told why, at that late date in his life, he had resolved to take this stand. He said that the word "ineligible" kept coming into his mind. He was prompted to give a word of warning to a young man yielding to temptation, a suggestion of counsel to another who was hesitating about an important choice; but he could not escape a kind of subconscious conviction that his words would not have due weight because he was ineligible. One night he dreamed that he died and came up to heaven's gate. He was heartily welcomed there and felt already at home, when the attendant angel asked him to wait a moment while the records were examined. The angel soon returned with a depressed look and said, "We are very sorry not to receive you, but you are ineligible." The reproving word pursued him till he fled from it into the fellowship of the church.

The change in his life was marked from

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the day when he was baptized and entered into the covenant. He said he had thought of this act as a kind of humiliation. Now he spoke of it joyfully. He had been a member of the finance committee of the parish and had taken an active interest in its affairs. Now he took up the work of the church with solicitous care. He soon had a Bible class of young men. His voice became familiar in the prayer-meeting, where he frankly spoke of his own experiences and prayed with interpreting sense of the needs of others as well as his own. His mind was active in making and in furthering new plans to interest the community in spiritual life and service.

This man has passed in reality into heaven's gate now, and we believe without misgivings on his part or questionings by those who received him there. We do not mean to say that he would not have been eligible if he had not joined the church. He had believed in Jesus Christ all his life, but his confidence in his own high purpose, his influence, usefulness and happiness were greatly augmented in his later years by that step. All who knew him saw it. Others followed in his footsteps. Many a young life was made stronger and holier because of what he became in entering into fellowship with believers.

There are many men and women who believe in Christ's teachings and worship God in His spirit, but whose influence lacks more than they know because they do not confess Him openly. For this reason, while important opportunities to do good call for them, they are ineligible. They would bless others and themselves if they would do without further delay what they ought to do and become eligible.—*Congregationalist*.

Scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney complaint, catarrh and general debility are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

President Roosevelt to Visit Worcester Agricultural Fair, Sept. 2. Boston & Albany Makes Special Rates.

It is announced that arrangements have been completed for President Roosevelt to visit Worcester Agricultural Fair, Tuesday, Sept. 2. He will arrive at Fair Grounds at 12:45 P. M. Racing, fine exhibits, etc., promise to make this occasion the greatest event of the season. The Boston & Albany R. R. has put in a line of reduced rates from all points within the State, and rate from Boston including admission to Fair Grounds will be only \$1.60. The fast express train service of the Boston & Albany provides ample accommodation for all who can take advantage of this occasion. Excursion tickets will be good to return Sept. 3.

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Epworth League Department

Edited by REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

The Sighing Beach

Homeward bound, or at least homeward looking, are whole families. Hundreds of them turn their faces in that inviting direction. Little tin pails and shovels have been gathered up or thrown to the waves after the summer's service. Boat and fishing tackle are laid aside. Fond associations are broken up. Childish glee and youthful laughter such as belong to the seaside cease. The beach is deserted for factory, store, shop, home and school. Abandoned beach! How it sobs and sighs in its loneliness! Could it know how much wholesome pleasure and invigorating vitality it has contributed to multitudes of weary ones, it would lift up a voice of thankfulness.

Vacation Inventory

Blessed are those whose vacation season has toned them up morally and spiritually as well as physically. This result, however, is not very often realized. The letting down and relaxation of the bodily powers are easily attended by a loosening of high purpose and strenuous desire. After vacation nearly all churches, a majority of whose members favor themselves with a few weeks' cessation from ordinary duties in the summer, find it difficult to get all the forces into line for earnest work in the early fall. Each autumn is a new beginning. It is unfortunate that so much of the pastor's accumulated energy has to be expended in getting the ecclesiastical wheels started again. Epworthians, by extra exertion and wise enthusiasm rightly applied, might do much toward putting the entire church into vigorous working order promptly.

Stupendous Demands

This is not stating the case too strongly. The demands upon the Christian church were never greater than they will be during the next few months. Almost unavoidable dissipation of churchly influence follows the summer season. Business, politics, opening of schools and colleges, pleasure plans for fall and winter, strikes, high prices, and exciting news from all parts of the world, combine to crowd Christian work out of sight. Careful observers of the trend toward worldliness cannot fail to see the necessity of unusual earnestness in the cause of Christ. Every true Leaguer should see to it soon that he is girded anew for the struggle. Self and ease must be set aside for a fresh surrender to God and a firmer grasp of the spiritual weapons which always bring victory when courageously and skillfully used. Read and sing again Waterbury's martial hymn (566 in our Hymnal):

"Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo! your Leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory."

A Misnomer

Labor Day! For many toilers this is a bit of extra vacation, coming as it does on the first Monday of September, which happens this year to be the first day of the

month. We are scarcely settled again from the extended outing and have barely fitted the harness of ordinary duty to our backs when another little breathing-spell is granted. True, it is only one day, but it is somewhat like a beautiful sunset which we thought was all over, when the lifting of a cloud from the horizon lets loose another blaze of splendor. Labor Day, however, is especially welcome to the large class of people who have been denied any continued respite from toil. These breathing-spells are not only a boon of pleasure, but almost a necessity in our intense American life.

The Bars Down

For several weeks multitudes of Christian people have been living with the bars down. Things have been free and easy with them to come and go as they liked. They have taken on the spirit of their surroundings and have glided along easily with the popular current. Now all this is changed. Such rules and regulations as are deemed essential to the orderly guiding of life assert themselves. Regular hours must be observed. The exactions of recognized obligations require them to square up their methods. The strenuous life confronts them. How shall they meet these demands? The answer to this pointed question, right or wrong, will mean success or failure.

The Empty Ship

How many school-houses all over our land have been remodeled and modernized and made more convenient as well as more inviting this summer! How many more have been thoroughly renovated and recalcitrant! To enter them is to be reminded anew of the sweetness of cleanliness. The grounds, too, have been beautifully cared for. The janitor stands within, newly clad, and affirms that all things are ready. He awaits with cheery anticipation the quick, light footfalls and sweet voices which are soon to make music where silence now reigns. Should our public school system cost three times its present figures, it would still be a paying investment.

The Bell that Rules

What bell in all the world controls so many lives as the school bell? Not only do thousands of teachers and tens of thousands of children and youth answer its call without delay, but homes without number are regulated by its sound. Household clocks are set by it, family meals are adjusted to its hours, and even business feels its influence. In fact, nearly all departments of activity have a new impulse given them by the school bell's ring. Under its sway the future's grand men and noble-hearted women are being made.

Anxious Bells

Have our church bells as much power over communities as they once had? Do they awaken in our hearts those holy, solemn and heavenly aspirations and desires and emotions which thrilled the

hearts of our fathers as they listened to their call to the house of God? If church bells had souls, we might easily believe that they were affected today by a special anxiety for the cause they represent. Desecrated Sundays would distress them. They would feel disgraced by the crowds who pay no attention to their sounds as they hasten away to some holiday dissipation when they ought to be keeping His day holy. Professed Christians who lazily neglect public worship and other religious meetings held on Sunday would prove a source of grief. A certain sense of injury would be experienced at the indifference of those who live under the church bell's sacred invitation-tones, but habitually turn a deaf ear to these divine appeals. These anxious bells from thousands of belfries ring the approbation of some and the condemnation of others.

A Clarion Call

Many living churches will answer with promptness and vigor. Rally Sunday has become an increasing necessity, owing to lengthened vacations. Some such special effort as this seems essential in order to re-enlist the workers and bring into line once more those who always need a little prodding. A well-conducted, duly-advertised Rally Day will accomplish more toward interesting anew the Sunday-school, League and church, than will a month of ordinary services. This is a confession of deplorable weakness, but it must be recognized by practical managers of church interests. Let the day be filled with heartfelt greetings, inspiring music, helpful preaching, and much of that Christian optimism which cannot fail to impart courage, cheer and hope.

The "Look Up" Society

The first half of our League motto is especially applicable to Rally Sunday. Its Godward side should never be neglected. But now its manward side needs to be worked earnestly. Leaguers and others will have to be "looked up." Of course those who read these lines will require no urging to duty's performance, but you will allow the suggestion that no one within your natural district of effort will be neglected. A kind word or friendly note to those who are liable to "forget" may be of much service in bringing out all who ought to be present.

Sugar Did It

At a shore resort during a Sunday-school excursion three ministers stood watching a horse that seemed very intelligent. Being told to open a money drawer and take out pieces of coin—a nickel, a dollar, a dime—he obeyed each time without mistake. After each performance his keeper gave him a lump of sugar. One brother, seeing this, remarked, "The sugar did it."

No doubt it had much to do with keeping the horse good-natured and responsive to his master's will. Is there not here a valuable lesson for those who have anything to do with managing and guiding

young people? Mr. Hammond's admirable work on "Dog Training" says to dog-trainers: "You must keep perfectly cool, and must suffer no sign to escape of any anger or impatience; for if you cannot control your temper, you are not the one to train a dog." Recently this writer has noticed people who are cross and surly when a pleasant manner and a cheery spirit would have been so much better for all concerned. Blessings upon those who know how and when to give the sugar of a gentle and kindly nature!

The Fore-Look

"It is the early bird that catches the worm." A homely old adage is this, and yet very suggestive. How much is lost in church endeavor by being just a little too late! It is so easy for Sunday-school and League workers and other church organizations to allow several valuable weeks in the fall to slip away before any decisive plans are laid for capturing advantageous positions so essential to a successful prosecution of the coming campaign. Jesus once said, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." If Christians would be as keen, alert, foresighted, enterprising, as men of the world are in carrying forward their secular schemes, they could soon capture the world for Christ. Why not make your League hum with well-directed speed this approaching work-season? Whence the power? There is only one Source. It is He. Have Him in His fullness. All power is His, and also the wisdom to apply it just where it can accomplish the grandest results.

Hearts in Hands

As our churches enter anew upon their splendid mission, would it not be well to place fresh emphasis upon extending a cordial welcome to all who attend the various meetings? This is one of the very simple devices that is difficult to overdo. While so-called outsiders and strangers appreciate it more than we imagine, it is not lost upon regular attendants. No ordinary mortal, unless exceedingly cold and distant, objects to being warmly greeted. This being true, should not Christian people set aside artificial forms and extend hearty greetings to all as children of the same Heavenly Father in His own courts? Sticklers for propriety may refuse to speak to a stranger without an introduction, but in the Lord's house this usual law of society may be honored more in the breach than in its rigid observance. Probably your chapter could scarcely render any better service to the church this year than by resolving itself into a committee for greeting the aged, the poor, the stranger, and everybody. Even the pastor enjoys being kindly and cordially met by his people. This should not be a formal, perfunctory service. Hands with unselfish hearts in them are essential here.

Illuminated Influence

One of the most attractive pictures at the Columbian Exposition was the painting of a blacksmith shop. The central figure was that of a boy whose face was brilliantly lighted up by the glow of a forge out of sight. The painter was a practical idealist. To the beholder he disclosed a

great thought in that illuminated face. To the student it speaks of a noble purpose brightening a life. This purpose may be hidden, but its effect in beautifying a life glows with a radiance that is the chief attraction, not only of the environment, but of the life itself. The unseen forge lighted the whole shop as well as the face of the working boy. Let a truly lofty purpose — a purpose devoid of selfishness — actuate the local chapter, and it will not only illumine that chapter itself, but it will aid in lighting up the entire church and community. Epworthians, aim high, not only for yourselves personally, but also for the League whose honor and usefulness are entrusted to you.

Stand the Racket

Pluck, grit, fortitude, are indispensable requisites to victory in Christian warfare as truly as in national struggles. In "A Prisoner Among the Filipinos," Lieut. Commander Gillmore tells the thrilling story of a young soldier's heroism. He says: "There was blood on men, oars, swords, guns." Having only a revolver himself, he grasped a rifle dropped by one who had just been killed. It had been hit on the lock and the clip was crushed in. Seeing this, Venville, one of the apprentice boys on the boat, undertook to fix it. They were still under fire, with missiles flying about them. While doing his best to repair the gun, a bullet went through the flesh of his neck. Without relaxing his effort on the rifle, young Venville said: "Lieut. Gillmore, I am shot." A second ball plowed through his breast and came out at his armpit. Still sticking to his task, he remarked calmly: "I am hit again, Commander." Pulling away at the jammed clip, another bullet cut a shallow furrow along the left side of his head. Wiping the blood from his face with his coat-sleeve, he quietly observed: "Mr. Gillmore, they have hit me again." Soon a fierce ball crashed into his ankle, inflicting a most painful wound. At this a slight quiver was noticeable in the boy's voice as he said: "Lieut. Gillmore, I am hit once more, but I have fixed the gun, sir." Only seventeen years old was this American lad, and never under fire before. We need moral heroes among our young people as brave as Venville. Some one says: "A man who will live earnestly must stand the racket."

President Roosevelt Hits Centre

How grand it is to have an honest, sensible, practical Christian man at the head of our great Republic! Recently, in addressing the New Jersey militia, President Roosevelt wisely said: "A man is of use as a national guardsman for just exactly the same reason that he is of use as a citizen, and that is if he sets to work with his whole heart to do his duty for the time being. . . . If you are content to go through life waiting for a chance to be a hero, you may wait, and the chance may not come." Hear him again: "The way to be a good citizen is to do well the ordinary, every-day, humdrum work that comes to citizenship. . . . Do your duty day by day, the common, ordinary duties, which, when done, make in their sum the citizenship of the nation." How closely

and beautifully do these observations apply to the Christian worker! He who is faithful in that which is least can be depended upon in great emergencies. It is unspeakably important to be reliable in doing the little every-day duties of the follower of Christ.

Under Martial Music's Spell

A woman hastening to the window to see the soldiers marching past to the stirring tune of "Yankee Doodle," exclaimed: "If I were a man I should be a soldier myself. I know I could shoot if they kept the band playing all the time." How many Christian soldiers are like that woman! They are ready for some vigorous action if only exhilarated and spurred on by some exciting conditions. In the months before us we may not have the inspiration of cheering bands of music. Your church may not have even a drum and fife. What of it? It is far nobler to go forth and struggle with spiritual opposition when everything is quiet and no shouting applause is heard — just the silent approbation of an approving conscience and the assurance of God's smile.

Out of Sorts

Pleasant Way to Drive Away Blues

A food that will bring back health and rosy cheeks to the sick as well as please the palate of the healthy is a pretty good food to know about. A lady in Minneapolis says: "I am such an enthusiast upon the subject of Grape-Nuts that I want to state a few instances of its value that have come under my personal experience:

"I was taken ill with a serious stomach trouble, so ill that the slightest movement caused me pain, and could take nothing into my stomach, or retain even medicine or water. I had been two days without nourishment when my husband suggested trying Grape-Nuts.

"The nurse prepared some with warm water, sugar and cream, and I took it hesitatingly at first until I found it caused me no pain, and for ten days I took no other nourishment. The doctor was surprised at my improvement, and did not resent my attributing the speedy cure to the virtues of Grape Nuts. He said he had a case on record of a teething baby who grew rosy and fat on the same diet.

"Grape-Nuts is so dainty and delicious that it appeals to the whole household, and when either husband or I feel generally 'out of sorts' we try confining ourselves exclusively to the food for a day or two with the happiest results.

"For a year I have had for a neighbor a delicate girl — an epileptic. When I first knew her she was a mere shadow, weighing 70 lbs. and subject to fearful attacks, having as many as twelve and sixteen convulsions in a day. At such times she took no nourishment whatever. She had never tried Grape-Nuts, and as any food seemed to increase her trouble at such times it was with difficulty I persuaded her to try it. But I told her of my experience, and induced her to try a few spoonfuls.

"The taste delighted her, and ever since she has made it her chief article of diet. The result has been wonderful; her improvement is the subject of remark with all who know her. The attacks are less frequent and violent and she has gained twenty pounds since last November, and her family attribute her improvement solely to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

League Prayer Meeting Topics for September

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

September 7—Factors Necessary to the Evangelization of the World in this Generation. Isa. 40: 29-31; Acts 1: 4-8; Luke 10: 2; Prov. 29: 18. (Read Mott, chap. 8.)

DAILY READINGS

Monday. Impossibilities. Mark 10: 23-27.
Tuesday. All the earth. Isa. 43: 17.
Wednesday. God's eyes. 2 Chron. 16: 7-9.
Thursday. For our brethren. Josh. 1: 12-18.
Friday. A pressing work. Neh. 6: 19.
Saturday. The secret of success. John 12: 23-26.

FACTORS NEEDED IN HEATHEN LANDS

1. Increased numbers of trained men and women who are deeply imbued with the missionary passion for the world's early salvation, are demanded for all kinds of mission work. Medical missions, educational effort, distributing literature, and, above all, winsome but intensely spiritual evangelistic influences constantly exerted, are called for. Take an illustration: In the non-Christian world there is only one medical missionary to every fourteen hundred thousand people. What is one among so many? More must be sent.

2. Heavy reinforcements of qualified helpers from the native ranks. Ten of these to one from the home church is the proportion that Mr. Mott thinks is required. These native workers have many substantial advantages over foreigners: They understand their own people more perfectly, know what appeals to them most strongly, and can enter into their feelings, hopes and fears, sorrows and joys, more easily. It is affirmed that "no extensive field has ever been thoroughly evangelized but by its own sons. This seems to be God's method."

3. Not only must the number of trained native helpers be increased, but from the rank and file of native converts more volunteers are needed. Never should they be allowed to settle down into the enervating idea that winning souls to Christ rests chiefly with professional workers. At home and abroad we need the habit of Christians in apostolic days, who were filled with a passion to make Christ known to everybody. Great emphasis should be placed upon the Christian nurture of native children; for the child may become an effective evangelizing force in leading parents to the Saviour.

4. Another potent factor in the solution of this problem is the deepened conviction, in the minds and hearts of both foreign and native leaders, that it is not only our privilege, but our duty, to see that all people have the Gospel in this generation.

FACTORS REQUIRED AT HOME

1. The real weight of this stupendous obligation to give Christ to every human being rests down upon the Christians of Christian communities. Those who have had the Gospel longest, and have enjoyed its blessings most bountifully, are most strongly bound to pass it on to those who have it not.

2. The pressing necessity that all churches should be deeply missionary in spirit and practice, cannot be questioned. And yet how pitifully weak, at this point, are the overwhelming majority of local churches! This weakness arises largely from ignorance of the subject. How meagre is the information possessed by the average Christian concerning mission-fields! And, worse than this, how difficult it is to interest them in this cause! A widespread revival of relish for missionary literature is loudly demanded.

3. A new sense of stewardship must come into Christian experience. Nothing is more vital to practical results than this. The effort of our League to induce the practice of proportionate giving is in the right direction. If all Epworthians would begin and continue to give at least as fair a part of their income as is suggested by the most aggressive Christians of our day, it would revolutionize missionary work and send it forward with a tremendous impetus.

4. In this same connection economy in expenditures for personal indulgences must be inculcated. Extravagant and luxurious living over against small and penurious giving makes a showing that is far from creditable.

5. Much more prayer for missions is needed. The history of missions is a history of prayer. "Prayer is the only power that will influence God's people to give with purity of motive and with real sacrifice of self." "The church has not yet touched the fringe of the possibilities of intercessory prayer," Robert E. Speer says: "Deeper than the need for men; deeper far than the need for money; aye, deep at the bottom of our spiritless life, is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing, world-wide prayer."

KEY-MEN

It is conceded by all, and almost fiercely urged by missionary leaders, that pastors hold the key to the situation. This places upon us a mountain-weight of responsibility. We shrink from the burdened position, but providentially we are crowded into it and dare not force ourselves out. Is it possible that the work is lagging and partially failing through our apathy? May God stir us to such a sense of personal obligation that Christ will not be disappointed in us as the leaders of His host!

September 14—Delight in God's House. Psa. 84: 1-4; Psa. 100: 1-5.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. The Head of the church. Col. 1: 16-20.
Tuesday. The glory of the church. Isa. 62: 1-7.
Wednesday. The task of the church. Rom. 15: 1-6.
Thursday. A united church. John 17: 11-23.
Friday. A purified church. Matt. 18: 15-18.
Saturday. A triumphant church. Rev. 21: 1-7.

"The tabernacle of God is with men." Strange that He should delight in dwelling with them! But He does. God's house! What a gracious place! How it has ever been erected by painstaking toil with the self-sacrifices of earnest men and women! What sermons have sounded from its pulpits! What prayers have ascended from its altars! What anthems have been chanted! What volumes of praise have arisen from millions of hearts overflowing with gratitude! What burning tears of contrition have here fallen! There are some things that the noble heart cannot let die. Many of these are associated with God's earthly courts. Therefore hallowed be the place of worship. With joyous gratitude let us enter its portals. With generous gifts let us sustain its activities. Then will our lives exclaim, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

ITS HISTORY

May we not say it had its origin when Abel erected the first altar of sacrifice?

Was not Abraham's altar another expression of this deep human need of a meeting-place with Jehovah? The tabernacle in the wilderness was the same thought completed into significant form. At times in our world's history the church has seemed almost obliterated. Once it was bidden away in the Catacombs. Later it was honored by the imperial throne of Rome. Today it is like the stone cut out of the mountain, filling the earth with its presence and benediction.

SPARROW CHIRPINGS

Some stately buildings which rise in lofty grandeur are intended chiefly for the mature and those advanced in years. Not so with the church. While those under the weight of age and those in their prime find here the most helpful associations, yet, withal, the church is calculated to nourish and bless our children. The Psalmist says the swallow and sparrow have here found a nest for their young. They themselves might exist elsewhere, but for the birdlings they must have a sheltered place. May they not teach us to make a place in the church for our precious birdlings?

1. Here they will find peculiar safety. Like little Samuel's devout mother, we all should desire earnestly that the children shall be reared to helpfulness in the church.

2. Here they will enjoy peculiar freedom. The sparrow has been called "the bird of liberty." About God's altar she is not afraid of bondage, either for herself or for her young. In the church, family life should be most free and unmolested.

3. The best of company is found in the church. Whatever may be the defects of Christian people, they are still the "salt of the earth."

4. If our children should stray away during the critical years of youth and early prime, they are likely to be driven back to the old nest by some gale of adversity or sorrow.

5. In more thoughtful moments they must conclude that when they were in the church they were enriched by its benefits, educated by its truths, and so long as they were faithful to its requirements they were safely housed for time and eternity.

SANCTUARY ECHOES

1. More potent even than the voices of song which float out from the church and over our communities are the streams of wholesome, life giving influence perpetually flowing forth from God's house.

2. The church stands a visible, tangible token of men's faith in God. Every foundation-stone of every chapel, meeting-house, and cathedral rests down upon this confidence in the Divine Personality, who has revealed Himself as worthy of perfect trust.

3. God's house has brought into requisition architecture in its construction, while all the fine arts have been utilized in its adornment. Solomon's Temple, St. Peter's in Rome, and St. Paul's in London, with many other elegant houses of worship, testify to man's appreciation of this most valuable of all buildings ever erected in any community.

4. The building of God's house has been sanctioned by Him. More of them are being reared today than ever before. Satan and all his minions cannot destroy them. A Red Republican of 1793 in France said to a peasant of La Vendee: "We are going to pull down your churches and your steeples and all that brings to mind the idea of God." Calmly spoke the good Vendean: "Citizen, pull down the stars, then." They could as well do without the stars as the churches. But neither could be pulled down without God's permission.

Sept. 21 — The Fullness of God — How Secured. Eph. 3:14-21.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. God in His church. Eph. 1:15-23.
Tuesday. God in His book. Jer. 31:31-34.
Wednesday. God in His children. John 1:9-16.
Thursday. The stature of Christ. Eph. 4:7-16.
Friday. The spirit unmeasured. John 3:27-36.
Saturday. Complete in Him. Col. 2:6-12.

STATURE LINES

1. It is impossible for us to comprehend the entire fullness of God. Of course the finite cannot surround the infinite. But we may apprehend God and know surely something of Him. There are certain lines we may follow to the extent of our limited abilities. Creation stands before us as an unmistakable evidence of His omnipotence. "He hath made us and not we ourselves."

2. Having been created by Him and in His image, and voluntarily falling so far beneath His design in our creation, we sometimes wonder that He has not cut man off from the earth. That He has borne with such a wayward and rebellious race is a demonstration of His infinite, exhaustless patience.

3. Such long-suffering patience must be the outgrowth of His great sympathy with us. We know a little about human sympathy, but this measuring line is very short in comparison with infinitude. "Like as a father pitieth his children," is the inspired suggestion. Only this is so small compared with God's sympathy.

4. His making us in His own likeness, His wonderful patience, and His fathomless sympathy, have all sprung from His goodness. To benefit the universe, to increase the sum total of its real wealth and its true blessedness, must have been His design in creation. Now He is doing all He can to bring us into co-operation with Himself in achieving the consummation of His wise plans. How grand is the end contemplated! Does it not give to life a surpassing grandeur? How long must be the line that would measure His goodness!

5. His omnipresence is marvelous. Think of Him in the completeness of His personality being present everywhere every instant. Thought wearies in trying to grasp so broad a truth. Faith comes to our rescue, and we wisely accept much that intellect fails to explain.

6. His omniscience is another essential of His perfectness. He knows all that can be known from the beginning to the end of time, and even reads eternity as an open book. From Him "no secrets are hid." Since our knowledge is so limited, our brains whirl in striving to imagine the boundless extent of His omniscience.

7. Looking only at these majestic elements of Divine perfection, we stand in awe of God. So very insignificant are we in contrast with Him, it seems scarcely possible that we can be of any value to the mighty Jehovah. But just here He comes to lift up our heads while He points to the cross of Calvary. For "God so loved" us. Loved us? Yes. How glorious! Every heart that really knows this must be overjoyed. How it leaps and bounds with delight! Praises fill our whole being. Hallelujah to our King! Measure? Did some one ask for a line? We have no use for it here. You cannot measure love. But you can experience it. Oh, how inexpressibly beautiful! How beautiful to have learned to love God! Beautiful as heaven itself is it to know the love of God.

CUBITS

1. It is the teaching of science that no two material objects can occupy the same space at one and the same time. Is it not equally true that sin and righteousness cannot reign supreme in the same heart? Are not God and

Satan so utterly antagonistic that one or the other must yield the mastery? Surely both cannot fill the heart at the same time. Casting out self and Satan will insure the incoming fullness enjoined and so much desired by the sincere child of God.

2. After admitting Christ in His fullness, then spiritual growth is much like natural growth. We take food, feeding by faith upon Him who is the bread of life. We exercise our graces by performing duty; we digest spiritual food by meditation; and we rest by being at peace.

3. The growing healthy boy often measures himself at the door-casing. As gradually he finds himself reaching up a little higher, he is carried away with satisfaction over "how tall" he is getting. So may we rejoice when we find ourselves rising toward the stature of the fullness of Christ.

THE INVISIBLE YARDSTICK

First foot. — On a very dark night two persons were walking together when the one behind said to his companion, "I shall follow you so as to be right." He soon fell into a ditch, however, and then accused his leader with having led him astray. Thereupon the other replied, "You did not follow me perfectly, for I am not in the ditch." It is the little deviation from the right path that does the mischief. They who would find God's fullness must walk in the footsteps of the Guide.

Second foot. — The Anubsson tapestries are really woven pictures. The weaver stands behind his loom with his materials at either side, and above him the picture which he is to copy. Color by color, thread by thread, must be selected with the greatest possible exactness. He cannot vary a shade or misplace the finest thread without marring the picture. Before and above us we have a Model in all His completeness after whom we are to pattern our lives exactly. Just in proportion as we approximate His likeness will we be filled with all the fullness of God.

Third foot. — without which the yard cannot be complete — is the query: "What would Jesus do?" Criticise this as we may, it yet stands out as one of the most helpful and practical of all questions. We fail to enjoy it because it is too exacting. A little farther on in Christianity's history this question will probably be an essential part of the yardstick by which all Christians will measure their lives.

September 28 — Cheerful Amid Adversity. Acts 27:22-36.

DAILY READINGS

Monday. The face of an angel. Acts 6:9-15.
Tuesday. Asleep in prison. Acts 12:1-17.
Wednesday. Worship and stones. Acts 14:8-20.
Thursday. Songs in prison. Acts 16:25-34.
Friday. "Be not afraid." Acts 18:1-11.
Saturday. "Be of good cheer." Acts 23:1-11.

The Bible gives detailed accounts of two great storms at sea. The one narrates Jonah's experience, so familiar to all students of Scripture, and the other furnishes the background for our present topic. Jonah's troubles were of his own procuring, and after a time he learned obedience out of his afflictions. Paul was on a mission divinely assigned him, and cheerfully accepted whatever might be the accompaniments along the way. He was sure that God knew what was best to order. This unflinching trust gave him calmness and even cheerfulness in the raging storm. He counted such afflictions only "light afflictions" after all.

INVIGORATING DOSES

1. Solomon assures us that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."
2. Faith is the assurance of things properly hoped for.
3. Nothing right is impossible to him who really believes that all things, not absurd, are possible with God.
4. We must hold Christ up to the world, not ourselves, if we would be courageous and cheerful.
5. As sunshine is the material source of nearly all power in the physical world, so is good cheer an essential element of most efficient effort in great undertakings for humanity.
6. Cheerfulness is conducive to self-reliance, and self-reliance is a most important force in all reformatory work.

7. Where cheerfulness based on trust exists, self sacrifice is instinctive. It is this trait that makes heroism attractive.

CHEERFUL TONIC

French scientists have been considering the question of cheerfulness as a means of curing disease. They advance some very novel views of mirth as a therapeutic. The case of Lord Lanesborough was cited. He was a victim of the gout. When he found pains coming on he would give himself to merriment, and thereby greatly lighten an attack when he did not entirely avert it.

Adverse conditions every life has, but oh, how grand to make one's way through the years with head erect and a word of cheer for others at every turn! A delegate at a convention being asked what his business was, replied: "I am a cheer-up-o-dist."

A noble missionary in Turkey taught her children to look on the bright side, saying to them, "If there is no bright side, polish up the dark side till it is bright."

The Chinese have a proverb that we may all heed sometimes to advantage. It is to the effect that "You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your heads, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair."

The continual flow of cheerful spirits will after a time form for one the habit of spontaneously finding some delight in every condition of life, no matter how adverse. A lady wishing to purchase a certain kind of pine boards visited a lumber office for that purpose. It chanced that the lumber yard was near a foul-smelling river. The gentleman in charge hesitated to invite her into the yard because of this. But as she was desirous of making her own selection, he granted her permission. Perceiving the situation, the lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman, "just smell this foul river." "No, thank you," she replied, prettily. "I prefer to smell the pine boards." So in every experience of life we can take whichever we prefer — something pleasing or something disagreeable.

Fall River, Mass.

THE LANDLADY'S SON

Set Right by a Boarder

Most people are creatures of habit. The person who thinks he cannot get along without his morning drink of coffee is pretty hard to convince unless he is treated as Mrs. Clara Hoffman, of Portland, Ore., treated her landlady's son. She says: "Having suffered with stomach trouble for several years I determined to discontinue the use of coffee and try Postum Food Coffee."

"I carefully followed directions for making, and the result was a beverage very pleasing to the taste. I induced my husband to give it a trial, and soon noticed the improvement. He complained of 'heart trouble,' but as he drank coffee I felt sure that this was the cause. It proved to be so, for after having used Postum for a short time his 'heart trouble' completely disappeared."

"Last year we went East, and while there boarded with a private family. Our landlady complained of sleeplessness, and her son of obstinate stomach trouble. It was a plain case of coffee poisoning in both. Knowing what Postum had done for me I advised a trial, but the son declared he wanted none of that 'weak, watery stuff.' Well, I had been making Postum Coffee for myself and husband, and next morning I offered him a cup and he drank it, not knowing what it was. 'Well,' I said, 'you seem to like Postum, after all.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'that was not Postum; why, that tasted fine. Mother, if you learn to make it like this, I will always drink it.' The next morning she watched me, and I explained the importance of allowing it to boil long enough. After that we all drank it regularly, and our landlady and her son soon began to get well. They continued its use after we returned home, and recently wrote me that they are improving daily."

THOUGHTS IN A WOOD

F. L. CHAPMAN.

Deep in a wood I stray. No jarring noise
Of vulgar revelry, or boisterous mirth,
Or busy commerce, falls upon mine ear.
A restful quiet all the air pervades,
Which seems to soothe my weary mind,
and lull

To sleep the doubts and fears that long
have chased

Each other through the chambers of my
thought.

'Tis quiet here, and yet not silent, for
Around me are the sounds that Nature
weaves

Into the web of her glad harmony.
The murmuring rivulet at my feet
Sings me a lullaby; and notes of praise
From care-free birds in leafy bower ring
out.

And upward soaring swiftly float away
To Him who marks the twittering spar-
row's fall.

Ah! praise like this must put to blushing
shame

The strains of many a temple's godless
choir,

Who for a stipend sing to them that hark,
But worship not save by uplifted voice,
Whose richest tones and most artistic trills
Soar not beyond the vaulted roof o'erhead,
But echo back and sinking die away.

Around me prone lie many wasting forms
That proudly stood erect in years gone by.
They speak of death as in their half-dug
graves

They slowly are consumed. They giants
were

When standing, towering far above the
height

Of present growth, and in their strength
could mock

The wildest rage of howling winds that
strove

To make them humbly bow their haughty
heads.

They tougher grew, nor wind, nor storm
alone

Could lay them low; but in an evil day,
Alas! alas! within their very cores

Some fell and subtle influence had found
A hold and there maintained its blighting
grip;

And eating deep into the vital parts
Had sapped the vigor of more youthful
days

And left them tottering for the final shock.

How many pride themselves that man-
hood's strength—

Without appeal to any higher power—
Can meet and baffle adverse winds that
blow

O'er field of finance, or the road to fame,
Or broad plateau where glitter in the sun
The lofty towers of high morality.

They stand and mock at hurricanes that
strive

To sweep them onward toward the dark
abyss

Where unkept vows and high resolves—
now dead—

With ruined hopes and toils of others lie
Enshrouded in a pall of black despair.

Well do they stand and long, perhaps, and
grow

In worldly strength and wisdom till there
comes

A time when pride, or envy, or some un-
chaste thought

Seizes and holds the fibre of the heart.
Then where thy boasted strength, O man?
alas!

Decay is at thy vitals, and thy power
Is waning fast; nor canst thou long remain
Erect. The vigorous days of youth are
gone,

And now again the whirlwind hither
sweeps

To catch thy blighted form and lay it low.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

A Vacation Prayer

O GOD, who hast given us hours of ease
and recreation in the midst of labor,
and rest along the way of pilgrimage, we
thank Thee for Thy fatherly care in even
these our lesser needs. Help us to use our
relaxation with quiet and cheerful hearts,
gaining the best from pleasure as we strive
to make the most of work. Help us to
choose wisely, that our amusements may
not cause us to offend against Thy law of
charity. May we never be so much ab-
sorbed in life's diversions that the thought
of Thee shall come as interruption to our

joy, or that we shall cease to love our
neighbor as ourself. And may all release
from work prepare us to return to it with
alert and strengthened power of attention
and accomplishment. Amen!—*Congrega-
tionalist.*

"THE SECOND BLESSING"

REV. C. H. STACKPOLE.

THE *Methodist Times* (London) in a re-
cent issue gives its readers some re-
freshing advice pertaining to "the second
blessing properly so called." The editorial
is so ringing, so discriminating, and so per-
tinent to the situation in these regions, that
we subjoin a brief extract:

"What do so many of our Methodist teachers
and people mean when they speak of 'the sec-
ond blessing?' The expression is open to mis-
conception, but it is justified both by the prose
of John Wesley and by the poetry of Charles
Wesley. It emphasizes the most important
and characteristic feature of Methodist experi-
ence. It draws unmistakable attention to the
truth which John Wesley believed it is our
special vocation to preach. . . . Entire sanctifica-
tion may be implicit in the new birth and de-
pendent upon it, but it is not explicit or defi-
nitely realized. Most of us at the time of our re-
generation are so preoccupied with a desire to
be delivered from the punishment and the
power of sin, that we do not at once realize
what is involved in the Christian life, what is
meant by a really Christian, that is to say, a
Christlike, life. All that dawns upon us later.
There is clearly room and need for a 'second
blessing' as the result of a deliberate decision
to 'sell all' we have and to 'follow' Christ.
Millions of devout souls can testify to the reality
of this fact, and this is one of those cases in which
'the heart makes the theologian.'

"It has always seemed to us that the distinctive
note, the *differentia* of the precise Methodist
doctrine, is the fact that entire sanctification, as
we understand it, is always the result of faith,
and therefore necessarily, whether consciously
or not, instantaneous. A very common mis-
take is to confound maturity of Christian char-
acter with 'entire sanctification.'

"Any one who confounds the definite instan-
taneous act of faith by which we 'abide in
Christ' with endless growth in grace is not a
Wesleyan Methodist. Growth in grace will
never cease. We shall grow more and more
like Christ forever and ever, all through eter-
nity. But if we accept 'the second blessing'
by faith, we shall grow more rapidly, more
healthily, more fruitfully than ever. We
greatly fear that many, even of our ministers,
local preachers, and class-leaders, are in a state
of mental confusion on this subject, and in a
majority of cases mental confusion is a fatal
obstacle to definite experience or edifying
teaching. We cannot resume the Wesley
teaching too definitely or too often. It is
much to be regretted that the Book Room does
not give us a good edition of Fletcher's 'Last
Check'—the best book ever written on this
theme. It is quite up-to-date, and meets mod-

ern as well as ancient difficulties. It is a very
serious evil that we should leave the definite
teaching of the greatest and most effective of
Methodist doctrines to Salvationists or Pentecos-
tal Leaguers. If we are anxious to have this dif-
ficult doctrine properly taught, let us teach it
ourselves as it has been taught by the saintliest
Methodists from Wesley's day until now. The
only difficulty is that we can only 'with confi-
dence tell' what we ourselves have 'felt and
seen.' We cannot permanently teach what we do
not ourselves enjoy, although we would repeat
here what Wesley advised, in relation to the
witness of the Spirit: We should go on teach-
ing the doctrine until we ourselves fully experi-
ence it. We have known so many cases, both
of ministers and of members, who have en-
tered into a higher, happier, more victorious,
and most attractive Christian life by seeking
'the second blessing' in the old-fashioned way.
We are well aware that some professors of
'holiness' are among the most conceited and
disagreeable people we have met. 'The corrup-
tion of the best thing' is ever 'the worst thing.'
But we need not imitate those narrow-minded
and bad-tempered people who are the bane of
the Christian church. We are also well aware
that the varieties of the human mind and of
human experience are so great that many most
excellent Christians attain the highest Chris-
tian experiences in other ways than ours. But
we do think that the Methodist way ought to
be taught in the Methodist pulpit and the
Methodist class-room."

Notes from North China Annual
Conference

PROF. ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND,
of Peking University, has sent to the
Missionary Society the following extracts
from reports rendered at the recent session
of the North China Annual Conference, held
at Peking, June 19-23:

Rev. H. H. Lowry.—"Durbin Hall is near-
ing completion, and will be ready for the
opening of the autumn work in Peking Uni-
versity. We are hoping that Dr. Game-
well may be able to secure sufficient funds
for the erection of an administration build-
ing for the university, as it is greatly
needed. With Durbin Hall and such a
building we would be able to receive at
least two hundred students. As the lack of
native preachers is so seriously felt in the
Mission, it is important that we be pro-
vided with facilities for receiving as many
suitable young men as possible, that we
may be able to recruit the ranks of the
ministry from well-prepared candidates.

"The John Hopkins Memorial Hospital
is now being built by Dr. Hopkins and his
brothers. It will occupy one of the finest
sites in the city, and be a great addition to
our working outfit when completed, and
we trust the generous donors may live to
witness a rich harvest from their gift.

"Ch'en Wei-p'ing (brother of Ch'en Wei-

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East Greenwich, R. I.

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fect. The water is from our own artesian well. Students almost invariably improve
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Rev. AMBRIE FIELD,

East Greenwich, R. I.

Ch'eng, delegate from China to the World's Student Christian Federation Conference in Denmark) as pastor of Asbury Church has been instant in season, out of season. His willingness and ability have made his services of great value on the district beside his regular work in the city. Owing to the failure of other assistance upon which I depended, I have had to send him several times to visit the circuits outside the city. The extra work he has thus done deserves the highest commendation, and my constant prayer is that the Lord will send forth more such laborers. Schools on the districts have all been reopened and are now in good working condition."

N. S. Hopkins, M. D. — "The Christians on these districts have had many things hard to bear. One woman said to me: 'I believed the Gospel because I thought it would bring me peace, I did not think it would lead the people to kill my husband.' And as I looked at the charred posts in the temple at Ch'ien An, where the members had been tortured, and saw the slashes in the sides of the trees where they had been cut by strokes aimed at those waiting for execution, I could only wonder what my feelings would have been had there been a slip in our plans of escape and any of my loved ones had fallen into the hands of that cruel mob, and I was silent in the presence of their grief."

Rev. W. F. Walker. — "The irony of fate has shown itself by putting into the hands of the church many of the places where Boxerism during its short day held high carnival. In one large market-town where the church has a plant it fell to my lot to occupy a room, with its adjoining bedroom, where the Boxer chief had held his court. I slept two nights on the same bed he had used. I held quarterly conference in the same room in which he had tried and condemned the Christians who would not burn incense to idols or worship false gods. I saw through the open door a tree on which hung the heart of one of our local preachers for several days. To the posts of the porch of this building the martyrs were tied while waiting to be taken to their execution. I walked along the *via dolorosa* they traveled to the river bank where they met death — some of them by being burnt alive, some by slow torture, some by decapitation, and others by having their hearts torn out of their quivering bodies. There on the banks of that river I saw the bones and skulls of those who had gone through great tribulation. But now what has happened? The buildings where these thirty men and women were condemned for believing in the Lord Jesus Christ have been given to the church, and a cemetery with the graves of these dead and a slab erected to their memory is near at hand, all the gift of the community where the atrocities were committed."

To these extracts from reports, Professor Headland adds the following: "It might be interesting to home readers to know some of the ways in which the Chinese have manifested their interest in our work. Some of our old friends have come to our aid in sending us a donation of \$1,000, while others have followed with smaller gifts. One of the Christians in Pekin gave us 2,000 ounces of silver, which has enabled us to establish three perpetual scholarships in the Pekin University. One of our teachers having employment as an interpreter has given his services for nearly two years free of charge, and several others have readily relinquished lucrative positions to go into their educational or evangelistic work. On the night of the 28th of June, Durbin Hall, which is nearing completion, was struck by lightning, but not seriously injured — baptized

by the fire of heaven. Dr. Lowry's new house is nearly completed, Dr. George Lowry's is ready for the roof timbers, and Mr. Davis' is nearly up to the second story. I am now in my new house, and the foundations of Asbury Church are being laid."

The Beautiful and Celebrated Merrimack Valley

Now that the pleasantest portion of the summer season has set in, the two months when the New England resorts can be viewed in their true splendor, it behooves the numerous vacationists who are anticipating a rest to seek for some spot or particular section where their ideals and wishes can be consummated. The seeker, however set in his ideas, will not have a very lengthy search, for the beautiful scenery and numerous resting-places in old New England are diversified enough to suit the most versatile or exacting taste.

Simply as an example of the beauties of this portion of the country, take the "Merrimack Valley," so called on account of the river of the same name which flows throughout its entire length. Commencing at Lowell, one of the greatest industrial cities in Massachusetts, this beautiful river begins its course, running close by the neighboring city of Lawrence. True, the waters of the river are not as clear nor the valley quite as green at these points, but going north from Lowell is North Chelmsford, a part of Chelmsford, an ideal New England farming town, a delightful place for a few weeks' sojourn. Farther north is Tyngsboro, another farming village, whose northern boundary serves as a dividing line between Massachusetts and Vermont, and through whose centre the Merrimack in her most picturesque vista quietly flows, surrounded by forests of large elms and maples.

Crossing the line into New Hampshire, the first stopping-place is Nashua, one of the most important business centres and also one of the most beautiful cities in the State. Here the railroad follows close by the river whose shores are covered with a growth of beautiful trees and foliage, and the dense forests and smooth waters of the river seem very inviting to the enthusiastic camper or canoeist. Passing along the length of the river one now enters upon the grandest portion of the valley, farm-houses here and there appearing in the background, a verdant meadow close by, a dense forest, or laughing brook emptying into the main stream, or a roaring waterfall disturbing the silence of the peaceful river.

At length we enter Manchester, which, like Lowell, is a great mill city, but its large area and fascinating environments have made it an ideal place to spend a vacation. A few miles east of Manchester is Lake Massabesic, a beautiful body of water about thirty miles around, a favorite spot for campers and fishermen; here are caught large strings of perch, bass, pickerel, etc.

Leaving Manchester, N. H., and proceeding north, is Hooksett, an ideal valley town, where the river and the surrounding mountain peaks present an ideal picture — a series of falls, with rocky and rugged beauty the entire distance to Concord, N. H., the capital of the old Granite State, and one of the finest in all New England — a grand spot for vacationists and residents alike.

Going northwest from Concord, N. H., are Enfield, Franklin, Danbury, Grafton and Canaan. Canaan has within its borders Mascoma Lake, from which flows the winding Mascoma River. Enfield is noted as the site of the famous Shaker Settlement — in fact, the whole section as far as White River Junction, Vt., where the Connecticut comes rolling down, is resplendent with beauty; and this is not the end of this delightful valley, for it extends north from Concord as far as Lake Winnepesaukee, even to the foothills of the White Mountains.

In order to get an accurate idea of this celebrated territory, send two cents in stamps to the Gen. Pass. Dept., Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, for their descriptive book entitled, "Merrimack Valley."

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U. S. Navy

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"The Value of Little Men"

A Leaf from the Daily Life of One

REV. W. McMULLEN'S article in the issue of the HERALD of Aug. 6 comes to my heart like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Its reading suggests to me the question: Why do not our "more fortunate" brethren in the ministry and on the tripod more frequently McMullenize on the "value of little men?" How rare it is that a word of praise or appreciation comes to us from any source! Neither our own people, nor the brethren, nor yet our religious journals, seem to realize that we ever need anything of the kind.

"Scanty libraries and sadly insufficient salaries" give not only hungry stomachs, but hungrier brains. How we long for something new to read! Strange that none of God's wealthy stewards, except the great-hearted Spurgeon, ever thought of sending gifts of something fresh to read into the "country parsonages." How many splendid books of latest date are lying on the shelves of the "more fortunate" ones' libraries, already once read and never to be read again, that would give joy to the heart and freshness to the weary brain of many a country worker in the vineyard of our Lord!

"Cold and heat" are every man's portion, though some feel them both more keenly from inappropriate and sometimes insufficient clothing. "Hunger and shabbiness" are often with us; threadbare clothing and "taste bare" food, and "worry and weariness" are always ours; but the most wearisome weariness of it all is the dreary monotony of the unending treadmill of small duties unappreciated, or seemingly so, and the hard fight to keep the wolf from the door.

"Ambitious"—oh, yes! Why not? Can any man be in Christ and not be so? But sometimes even ambition dies or gets lethargic when it is doomed to forever tramp round in the same half-peck measure, without even the opportunity of looking over its high sides more than once a year, at Conference time; and even that means oftentimes no spring clothing for the "little woman in the parsonage;" and Mr. McMullen seems to have forgotten her, the biggest hero of us all.

"Unknown, opposed"—yes, but more often condemned to a worse fate than that even, deserted and alone. This is the worst of all, this loneliness of the country preacher: lonely homes, except for the faithful little woman whom God has given most of us; lonely parishes; lonely churches sometimes; nearly always lonely prayer and class-meetings; and such lonely altars, with only now and then a small sheaf of wheat gathered for the granary of God; but loneliest of all in the lack of congenial companionships—ministerial hearts and lives, and ministerial wives, to whom we may now and then unburden the "care of the churches" that so many of us have in our double duties.

"Never halted in their onward march." Ah! the author was mistaken there. But the halt is only for a moment—an hour at most. Only until the little woman's side can be reached, and the tears flow down together, from these two whom God hath joined, before the throne of all grace, then onward once more in the line of prosaic duty to God and man, unappreciated save by Him who cares for the fall of the sparrow as well as the sorrows and burdens of men.

"Forgotten." He never forgets, but men seem to. Even the secular papers are full of words of sympathy for the "masses," the laboring classes; but even the tripods of the trinity seem to have forgotten that

there are laborers in the vineyards of God who are often, yes, more often than not, half-muzzled at least while they tread out the corn of eternal harvests for their fellows.

"The man who never succeeds in doing much," "but who does all he can." Are "backbone," "heart's blood," not "much" to the human life and system? Then indeed is the country preacher not much in the kingdom of God. Even Mr. McMullen himself fails to appreciate the very qualities that he lauds. "Is this God's value, or man's?" "Surely the answer is self-evident."

"Self-sacrificing"—yes, always, or self-immolated, if you like the term better. "Uncomplaining"—not always. There is sometimes that kind which in the overburdened heart endures but a moment. "Cheerful"—yes, most of the time. "Resolute"—yes, or we had long ago run away and deserted the post to which we were sent. "Fearless"—oh, yes, or the fearless men and women who bear the heat and burden of the day in our city churches today had never been possible. "True"—alas! only God can decide that. But we meant to, and strove to be, even when the wallet was empty for months at a time, and the larder was bare, and the dear children were ragged and shoeless, and the little parsonage garden alone kept the wolf at bay, and the "little woman" was laid up nearly a year with nervous prostration because she had to try to fill empty and growing appetites with an almost empty and fast-depleting treasury; but the burden and shame of debt for the bare necessities of existence brought once, only once, the sudden outburst: "Let us leave the ministry and go into business, where we can at least feed ourselves." Just once! Then the study floor was wet with tears of penitence, and still we "hold the fort."

Not the doffing of caps, brothers, but "drops of ink to make us think;" words of brotherly sympathy and cheer, to show us that, though seemingly alone, we are not forgotten by our more fortunate brothers and sisters of the faith.

Yours in Him who ne'er forgets
One of the "Little Men," the "Socially Small" of the Master's Vineyard.

A Methodist Parsonage, Aug. 22.

A Lost Opportunity

THE Rev. Dr. John Balcom Shaw, of the West End Presbyterian Church, New York, closed an address on "Soul Winning," the other day, at Northfield with a personal experience which moved many a person to tears. Dr. Shaw had an Adirondack driver, named Harvey, with whom he had ridden hundreds of miles. While they had talked on many subjects, they had never had a fair religious conversation, until one day when they were riding together the preacher talked with him about the claims of religion upon mankind, and at last invited him to attend the village church where he was to preach the next Sunday evening. Harvey promised to do so, but he was unable to keep his promise. The next morning he was taken ill, and died two days later. Dr. Shaw never saw him alive again. He was asked to take some part in the funeral service. "Very well," he said; "but I cannot speak, and I am not worthy to pray; I will read a passage from the Scriptures." This he did, and when he walked with the friends to take a farewell look at the face of old Harvey, he said that the inscription on the coffin plate seemed to him to be missing, and instead of the usual wording, announcing the name and age of the deceased man, he saw, in letters of light, these words, "A lost opportunity." "More lost, I believe," added Dr. Shaw solemnly, "more lost to me than to old Harvey."

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You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting, especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the lungs, night sweats, flat chest, fever, weak voice, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscles on the bones until the consumption is all gone and you are again a strong, healthy, robust man or woman.

Don't doubt this, for the very same discovery benefited A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley, of Dingley Tariff bill fame, who went West and South for relief and didn't get it, and came back with death staring him in the face, and was benefited by "Antidotum Tuberculose" after all else had failed. It cured John Devries, of Kalamazoo, of galloping consumption; Adrian de Die, 1638 S. West St., of quick consumption; Paul de Smith, of Dalton, Mich.; and many cases that had wasted away to skeletons.

So don't give up hope, and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of the family. Write tonight to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 284 Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you books free of charge, telling you how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.

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A Methodist Publishing House for Shanghai

THE Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at a special meeting held at New York, Aug. 12, voted almost unanimously to approve an agreement with the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the establishment of a publishing house at Shanghai, China, this enterprise to represent the combined publishing interests of both denominations for the empire of China. At a meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 19, that body unanimously approved this agreement, and by this vote the union publishing house project, which had been before the two churches for more than six years, became an assured enterprise.

When Bishop Moore reached China after the last General Conference, he found that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was ready to proceed with the publishing enterprise at Shanghai, and to proceed alone, the Board of Managers of our Missionary Society having taken no aggressive action in the matter for more than three years. The Bishop immediately interested himself in the situation, secured meetings between representative committees of both denominations, and finally deputed Rev. W. H. Lacy as his personal representative to lay the whole matter before the General Missionary Committee meeting held in Pittsburgh last November.

The directors elected by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church are: Dr. John F. Goucher, Lemuel Skidmore, Esq., and Dr. Homer Eaton. The directors elected by the Book Committee of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, South, are: Dr. Collins Denny, Messrs. J. B. Morgan and John B. Ransom.

THE CONFERENCES

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Kezar Falls.—Rev. F. C. Potter is abundant in labors, and meets with deserved success. Open-air meetings are held on Sabbath evenings in front of the church, and also occasionally at South Hiram, where large crowds gather. All departments of the Epworth League are at work. The Sunday-school board meets monthly. At the first quarterly conference the committee on temperance reported that monthly meetings were held in the interest of that reform. Rev. M. B. Greenhalge is a valued helper, especially as class-leader and Sunday-school teacher. The pastor has been made an honorary member of the G. A. R.

Cornish.—Rev. C. H. Young believes that a church should always be in a revival spirit. There have been five clear conversions since Conference. The converts of last winter are faithful and growing in grace. Sixteen are now on probation, all of whom will doubtless join in full. As one of the natural results of healthy spiritual life the finances are in excellent condition.

Old Orchard.—Rev. F. A. Leitch has published a neat booklet of sixteen pages—besides covers—containing names of bishop, presiding elder, pastor, official members and committees, and other information about the church. There are excellent pictures of the pastor, the church, and the Plummer Memorial parsonage. This building is the gift of the good Congregational sister who has done so much for the Old Orchard church. The house is valued at \$2,500, modern and convenient, frescoed throughout and lighted by electricity. Hereafter most of the Maine Conference preachers will rejoice to receive an appointment here.

Portland, Chestnut Street.—The people regret to lose their pastor, Rev. Luther Freeman. He

will go to Chattanooga as soon as his successor can be found. He holds a large place in the esteem of the people of the church and of the city as a preacher, pastor and Christian gentleman. It will also be difficult to fill Mrs. Freeman's place in the work of the church. E. O. T.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Claremont.—Rev. C. C. Garland and family have returned from their vacation, which they spent in Maine. They come back much invigorated and ready for service. The work in this church promises well on all lines. Mr. Garland leads the singing at the camp-meeting.

North Charlestown and West Unity.—Rev. Guy Roberts is doing good work in this field. The interest, attendance, and finances are all in excellent condition. Repairs are progressing on the church at West Unity. New lights have been placed in the church at North Charlestown. The Junior League here voted to have no vacation, but to continue the meetings through the summer.

West Springfield.—The congregations are reported larger than they were at this time last year. Finances are well in hand and the people are all satisfied. Rev. C. T. Matthews is an earnest worker and sees fruits of his labors.

Grantham.—Rev. C. T. Matthews and his people last spring made a special effort to reach the non-churchgoing class, visiting them in their homes and inviting them to attend church services. The result is a much larger congregation, some attending services who had not for fifteen years before. This kind of work pays.

Contoocook.—Reports at the quarterly conference show advance on all lines. There is a large increase in attendance on all the services of the church. The president of the Epworth League reported a three-fold increase in the meetings of the League. Finances are easy, with all bills paid to date. The pastor, Rev. M. Tisdale, was voted a two weeks' vacation. We hear many pleasant things said in favor of the pastor and family.

Webster.—Great satisfaction prevails here, with large increase in congregations. Rev. Mr.

Tisdale is a most faithful worker and pastor. At both of these places the people speak in the highest terms of him as a preacher. C.

Concord District

A Commendable Act of Affection.—When Rev. W. C. Bartlett had to go away for treatment a few weeks ago, the prayers of his people followed him. In a few days their prayers became tangible in the shape of a check for \$56 as an expression of love from the church, with a box of beautiful roses from the Epworth League. Accompanying these was a most tender and sympathetic letter which melted the good man to tears. That was indeed a beautiful thing for the people to do. It will live forever in that pastor's heart.

Personal.—Dr. D. C. Knowles has been laid aside for a few days by an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. He is now much improved and will soon be all right.

Rev. G. R. Locke is not a man to be idle in church work, even if he has felt it necessary to assume the care of his father and mother. The quarterly conference at Tilton at once took him up and made him secretary, put him on the finance committee, and stand ready to use him wherever there may be an opening. Then the neighboring pastors call for his services—Plymouth, Franklin Falls, and Tilton. He is a handy man to have loose.

Mrs. William Warren is trying to regain some of her lost nervous force by a few weeks at the seashore.

We are sorry to know that the wife of our brother, Rev. A. W. Frye, continues very poorly. She is to go to the Deaconess Hospital as soon as there is an opening. Many will pray that relief may come.

Miss Edith Kimball, daughter of Mrs. J. L. Felt, has been afflicted for some months with lameness. Everything has been done to secure relief, but up to this time nothing has been successful. She is again under treatment, and only gets the assurance that she will need crutches the rest of her life. This is certainly a sad affliction for one in the vigor of life.

One of the pastors and a layman from his church had a narrow escape the other morning from being picked up by a policeman on suspicion of being post-office robbers. He had been notified by telephone to watch for two men when the train came in. These were the only two who got off the train. It happened that the policeman knew the preacher, otherwise he would have proceeded to question them closely. It might have caused a bit of embarrassment to them had they been strangers.

Weirs.—An able and interesting sermon was preached at the Weirs church to a large congregation, Sunday, Aug. 17, by Rev. Geo. R. Grose, pastor of the church at Newton, Mass. Mr. Grose is spending his vacation on Pine Island, Lake Winnepesaukee. Rev. John Henry Knott, of Derry, N. H., conducted the evening service. Rev. G. W. Jones is pastor in charge.

Bow and Bow Mills.—The pastor, Rev. Frank Hooper, sends good reports. Congregations are excellent. At the Mills the Sunday and week evening prayer-meetings are held in a school-house with a splendid attendance. Several have asked for prayers, some of whom give evidence of having been converted. One, at least, has been received on probation. Mr. Hooper is full of faith for a blessed work of grace. Pray that old Bow may have a revival of great power.

Gilmanton.—The pastor calls for the "Probationers' Hand-book" for eight persons who have given their hearts to God and are to join on trial. This does not look like death or a funeral. Some who have gone away because there was nothing left, may want to come back to the resurrection. Better be at the first one, for it is the resurrection unto life; and there is not much to be said in favor of the second.

North Monroe.—What a beautiful region this is! No finer scenery can be found anywhere. The people are well-to-do, and a very bright, intelligent class. It is a farming community entirely. Just now the hay-field takes all the time and attention of the people. The rainy season has greatly hindered the work. By reason of this the quarterly conference did not secure a large attendance, but it was large enough to transact all business in proper order. The pastor, Rev. G. B. Goodrich, has taken time by the forelock and gathered in nearly all his benevolent collections, having only one or two yet to take. Now when the stormy days of winter

come, and only a few people get out to the service, he need not worry over his collections. What a good thing if every pastor would go and do likewise! At the last visit of the elder, Mr. Goodrich received 8 on probation, 1 was baptized, and 1 admitted into full membership.

Littleton.—Mrs. T. E. Cramer's father and mother have come to live with them. Her father, who had a paralytic shock some months ago, is failing quite rapidly. It is a great comfort to them to be in such good hands for these crucial days. The work of the Littleton church goes well.

Woodsville.—The frescoing of the church is completed, and the people took possession on Sunday, Aug. 17. It is a very pretty piece of work. Now they plan for memorial windows, most of which are already provided for. Rev. W. A. Loyne is determined to be on time for the Conference next spring; so all the committees necessary for the entertainment of the body were appointed at the second quarterly conference. The rooms necessary for the various committees are all secured, and much preliminary work is done. The work of the church moves on well. The finances are in splendid condition. The Ladies' Aid Society are to be credited with the work of repairing the church, for they have paid the bills and are planning to do some other needful things. This church has a most efficient body of workers, and they are increasing.

Monroe.—Rev. G. B. Goodrich has fine congregations here, who listen with intense interest to the sermons. The work is in good order. The pastor has fully recovered from the illness of last year and enjoys his work.

Weirs Camp-meeting.—The 30th session began Monday afternoon, August 18, and closed Saturday morning, the 23d. The day was beautiful, and seemed to give promise of a pleasant week. The first service was the dedication of the new Tabernacle. This has already been described in these notes, so nothing more need be written. An audience that filled two-thirds of the seats was present. We have never seen so many persons present at an opening service. The music was in charge of Rev. A. L. Smith, who for the sixth successive year is in this position. Fine music was rendered by a mixed and male quartet. A special dedicatory service had been prepared and printed, and a copy was in the hands of all the people, who joined in it heartily. The sermon was by Rev. William Warren, from Gal. 3:26: "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." The evening service was the largest we have seen here. Rev. R. E. Thompson preached from Judges 8:18: "Each one resembled the children of a king." The devotional hour of Tuesday was a blessed season. Rev. G. B. Goodrich preached the forenoon sermon from Luke 22:31, 32: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat." This was followed in the afternoon with a presentation by Rev. C. E. Clough from Col. 3:4: "Christ who is our life." At the evening service Rev. J. L. Felt preached from 1 Cor. 2:12: "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God." This is reported as a meeting of exceptional power. We were away from the ground, and Rev. W. C. Bartlett was in charge.

Wednesday was a most beautiful day. Nothing finer as to weather has been enjoyed this summer. This day was given up to missionary and Epworth League interests. At the forenoon service Miss Mary A. Danforth gave a most excellent address, and the ladies gathered in the funds to support two girls in Japan. At 1.30 the meeting was for the interests of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and Mrs. T. J. Everett gave a stirring address. At 2.30 there was a great meeting in demonstration of Epworth League work. Rev. E. C. E. Dorion was to have been the master of ceremonies. His program touched all phases of the work. Four department conferences met in different buildings and discussed topics pertaining to the Spiritual,

Mercy and Help, Literary, and Social sides of the League. This was followed by a mass meeting addressed by Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, of Lowell. A congregation that two-thirds filled the Tabernacle assembled to hear the sermon of Rev. E. C. Strout from Matt. 16:24: "If any man will come after me," etc. At the close of the service, the District League business meeting was held, when the officers for the coming year were chosen: President, Rev. C. L. Corliss; vice-presidents, W. A. Simonds, Rev. T. E. Cramer; Junior League superintendent, Mrs. H. F. Quimby; secretary and treasurer, Miss Elizabeth B. Dyer.

Thursday morning was dull, and at noon it began raining and continued most of the afternoon. Rev. Edgar Blake preached at 10 o'clock from John 1:14: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." At 2.30 Dr. N. T. Whitaker was the preacher. His text was Matt. 6:10: "Thy kingdom come." Rev. D. W. Downs preached in the evening from Psalm 48:12, 13: "Walk about Zion." How thankful every one was for the tabernacle on this rainy day! The congregations were excellent. It may be the beginning of larger companies of people for the meetings here. It is a beautiful spot, and our people ought to realize it more than they do.

On Friday the numbers had thinned out considerably, but a splendid love-feast was held at 8.30, led by Rev. C. L. Corliss, and 72 bore witness to the grace that bringeth salvation. The preacher for the morning was Dr. T. C. Watkins, whose message of helpfulness was from Jude 20:25: "The Saint's Inheritance." Before the afternoon hour it was raining hard. Others had gone home, so the audience was still decreased somewhat. Dr. C. D. Hills was the preacher, who discoursed from Mark 10:50: "And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus." The closing sermon was preached by Rev. H. E. Allen from the words: "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee" (1 Kings 19:7). This was followed with an inspiring altar service.

A brief closing service was held Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, in charge of the presiding elder, and then closed the 30th session of the Winnepesaukee Camp-meeting.

Camp-meeting Jottings.—The morning devotional services were well attended and very profitable. Dr. Babcock led the service of Wednesday.

Miss Harding, a deaconess from the Boston Training School, had charge of the children's meetings. They were excellent.

Everybody spoke in praise of the new tabernacle.

Rev. A. L. Smith had charge of the singing for the sixth successive season. He has been a very efficient and popular leader.

Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, who was president of the District Epworth League, was in the midst of a most successful Chautauqua season at Hedding. He came up and asked to be excused, that he might return to meet his duties. We let him off with our blessing.

There were 34 preachers present during the week.

Special mention should be made of the work of Rev. A. E. Draper, who gave a series of four Bible studies at 1.30 each day. The topics were: "Jesus and His Disciples," "How the Disciples Thought of Themselves," "The Activities of the Church," "The Missionary Impulse." They were full of excellent thought, and many of the people heard him gladly.

Revs. W. I. Ward and J. E. Thomas, of the New England Southern Conference, were present at the camp-meeting one day and assisted in the service.

The district stewards at their meeting very generously gave the presiding elder the month of October for a vacation. Not because he was growing thin and poor, but because they felt the work would not suffer if he was away from it, and that, being away, he might "rest awhile." The brethren pledged themselves to

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care for the work that would naturally fall in that month. Many thanks for the kindness!

The general feeling and statement has been that it was an excellent meeting. We never heard better preaching. While we have not characterized any sermon in the account given, all were good and in demonstration of the Spirit. Every preacher announced came to time. There was not a failure in any particular.

This presiding elder has now completed his work so far as this camp-meeting is concerned. For six years he has done what he could to make it a success. No one knows his failures better than he himself does; but he has been grandly supported in the work by a body of faithful and devoted men. Scarce a man has ever declined to assist if he was able to come. If there has been success he owes it to the co-operation of this body of God's noblemen. He leaves the Association with a beautiful tabernacle for the public services, and with no debt to in any sense embarrass them; and his successor will have an easy time in working with the Association. May God abundantly bless them! B.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Albans District

Fairfax.—Rev. A. H. Baker is in demand as a lecturer. He has the ability to tell what he knows in a very pleasing way. His familiarity with life in India makes it possible, with the aid of a stereopticon and many illustrative articles in his possession, to give a most instructive and interesting glimpse into the life and characteristics of this wonderful people. If he has not told the story on your charge, better get him to do it.

Isle La Motte.—The parish of Rev. F. M. Barnes takes in this beautiful island in northern Lake Champlain. It is a delightful spot during the summer, and this pastor makes it a lively and interesting place twelve months in the year. The centennial of Methodism was observed a short time ago. The program consisted of hymns the fathers sang, old-time readings, reminiscence talks by some of the old veterans, and historical sketches of value and helpfulness to the present and coming generations. It is well to gather up valuable data and store it away before it is altogether lost. This anniversary proved a grand success. The Sunday-school is to have its library renewed. This is important, especially where no public library is available, and some of these can scarcely be trusted. This church has been holding its Sunday evening services on the lawn in front of the church. The Woman's Home Missionary Society recently held a successful social on the parsonage grounds. The members of this church are seeking to make the most of their opportunities. Many summer visitors are found on this island.

West Berkshire.—Rev. W. P. Stanley, who for the past year has been pastor at Hinsdale,

Ill., and is taking the course at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., is visiting among his many friends in Vermont. Aug. 17 he occupied his old pulpit here, preaching to a house filled with those delighted to hear him. He is doing excellent service at the camp-meetings.

West Enosburg.—This charge has been doing some much-needed repairs. A cemented cellar bottom seems like a small matter, but it often means much for the health of the pastor's family. So the joy in the home is out of all proportion to the cost of the work. Much more is to be done about the parsonage and barn. Recently a man in middle life, living at North Fairfield, publicly gave himself to Christ. Pastor Burke has just returned from a vacation spent with his people near Kingston, Ontario, while Mrs. Burke has returned from a two months' visit with her people at the eastern extremity of the Province of Quebec.

Camp-meetings.—The weather this year has not been very favorable for out-door services, so of necessity the regular attendance has been small. On Sunday a large audience would gather if the day was pleasant; but ordinarily little can be done for those who come only for a single service, and then often to see their friends or for a day's outing. Many will regret to know that the last service has been held on the old ground at Morrisville. The lease expired this year, and it could not be renewed, nor could the ground be bought. Just what will be done time alone can determine. RUBLIW.

Montpelier District

Bradford.—Public announcement is made that William E. Sawyer Celley, of Bradford, and Angela Lucy Pierce are to be married at 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, Sept. 3, in the Congregational Church at Oxfordville, N. H.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Tremont St. Church, Boston.—The official board of the Tremont Street Church will give a reception to Rev. and Mrs. Samuel E. Howe, in the chapel of the church, Monday evening, Sept. 1, it being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

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CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Lewiston Dist. Camp-meeting, Empire Grove,
East Poland, Aug. 25-Sept. 1
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting, Hamilton, Aug. 25-Sept. 1
Groveton Camp meeting, Sept. 1-5

Wilmot Camp-meeting,
Religious Conference for Ministers at
Worcester,

Sept. 1-9

Sept. 22-24



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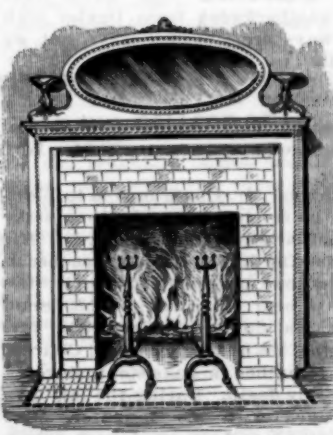
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OBITUARIES

Father of all! in death's relentless claim
We read Thy mercy by its sterner name;
In the bright flower that decks the solemn bier
We see Thy glory in its narrowed sphere;
In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
We trace the curves of Thy encircling laws;
In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
We own the love that calls us back to Thee.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Walker. — Mrs. Sarah Walker was born in Whitefield, N. H., Aug. 25, 1823, and died in the same town, where she spent her life, Sunday, July 27, 1902, having rounded out nearly 79 years.

She was married to James Walker in March, 1845, and was left a widow by his death, April 8, 1863. Eight children were born to them, all of whom are still living except one who died in 1871 at the age of twenty-two years. Those who survive are: Henry J., of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Mrs. Geo. Darling, Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Moy and Austin M., of Whitefield; Mrs. Babcock, of North Thetford, Vt.; and Charles W., of Medford, Mass. All these were present at the funeral except the last named. She is also survived by ten grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Walker had lived a most exemplary life, and by her heroic struggles in widowhood, her diligent toil and Christian character, well merited the wise man's tribute to a virtuous woman in Proverbs 31. Her children do indeed rise up and call her blessed. A rich legacy of humility and faith remains to them. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Whitefield when but fourteen years old, and remained a member for sixty-five years, being the oldest living member in point of years of membership, and probably the only surviving member of the original society in her native town. Her testimony was strong even in her last illness, and when her mind was otherwise clouded by the effects of disease, she continued to look to Jesus for help. She kept the faith. Her crown was waiting.

The later years of her life have been spent with her son, Austin M. Walker, well known in many of our churches as the chalk talker, where she has been tenderly and watchfully cared for. She has been greatly blessed in appreciative children to minister to her declining years. The church has lost a faithful member from its earthly ranks, and heaven is richer for those who still tarry this side the river.

Appropriate funeral services were held at the home, July 29, the pastor officiating. The remains were interred in the new cemetery, between her husband and son.

E. E. REYNOLDS.

Gilman. — Mrs. Miriam L. Gilman was born in Alton, N. H., March 10, 1834, and passed to her reward, July 22, 1902. She was the oldest of three sisters, the others being Celestra G. Flanders, who died in March, 1901, and Georganna Ames, who is still living. They were the daughters of Daniel and Ruth Flanders, of Alton.

She lived in Alton until thirteen years of age, and then went to live with an uncle in Belmont, N. H. In 1854 she married Henry W. Gilman, of Belmont. So perfect was this union that the two seemed to be one in thought and purpose. She was a rare home-maker. Her choicest ministry was given to her family; the dearest place to her was home. Life there was ever restful, sunny, sacred. She filled the home with an atmosphere of cheer and charm that only those who breathed it can understand. She was very unselfish in the enjoyment of her home, desiring ever to share its hospitality with

the various organizations of the church, and also to welcome to its comfort those who preach the Gospel. She was a good neighbor, kindly, sympathetic and helpful to all in sorrow and need.

Outside of her family there is no place where she will be missed more than in the church. She was converted in 1853, as was also her husband, under the preaching of Rev. Robert S. Stubbs, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at East Tilton, N. H. In 1869 they moved to Peabody, Mass., and became active and honored members of the Methodist church there. She greatly loved the church of her choice, and, as health permitted, was constantly found in her place listening to the preached Word or sharing in the social means of grace. She had a special love for the class-meeting, and always gave a clear testimony to the power of Christ to save and keep. She was one of the oldest members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, interested in, and gladly aiding, this important work. Too much cannot be said in praise of our departed sister. She was an elect lady, possessing a sweetness of spirit and loveliness of character which endeared her to all who knew her.

Mrs. Gilman's last illness was long and trying. For nearly a year she suffered much, but was cheerful and hopeful through it all. She would have been glad to recover her health, and enjoy again the association of loved ones, but she was not afraid to die. She assured her husband a few hours before her translation that Jesus was very precious to her. Thus, living well, she died well.

A husband, daughter and granddaughter mourn her departure. They feel that their loss cannot be measured, but that to her it is eternal gain. The blow of sorrow is heavy, but the grace of Christ triumphs.

The funeral was attended by a large number of sympathizing friends, the services being conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. G. A. Pinney, a former and beloved pastor, who spoke fitting words of eulogy concerning the departed and words of comfort and consolation to the sorrowing. On the following day the loved form was tenderly borne to her native State for burial.

JEROME WOOD.

Davis. — George W. Davis was born in Sangerville, Me., April 25, 1830, and died in the same town, May 16, 1902.

Mr. Davis was converted at fifteen years of age, united with the church two years later, and remained a faithful member till the end of his life. He was married, April 27, 1856, to Philena Carle. Of this union seven children were born. The oldest died in infancy, the other six — two sons and four daughters — with their mother, remain to mourn their loss.

Though for many years an invalid and a great sufferer from asthma, his last sickness was short. He was comforted in all his sufferings by the faith of our Lord Jesus.

The family was doubly bereaved in the sudden death of a granddaughter, Jessie M. Sands, on the day following the funeral. Jessie was a young lady of promise and full of hope for a good life. She would have graduated in another week from Dexter high school. His ways are not our ways, but we trust Him still.

BRIGGS.

Chase. — Eleazer Chase was born in Hiram, Me., Oct. 11, 1812, and died in Portland, Me., July 3, 1902.

In early manhood Mr. Chase moved to Westbrook, where he resided for more than sixty years. He had a Methodist ancestry. His grandfather was the first Methodist preacher in Otisfield, and on one occasion rode forty miles on horseback to hear Jesse Lee preach. Soon after making his home in Westbrook Mr. Chase joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he remained a consistent, devoted member until his death. During the last two years he resided with his daughter, Mrs. Wright, in Portland, and attended the Congress St. Church; but no church was so much like home as that at Westbrook. He lived a quiet, unassuming life. He had lofty ideals of honor, and never owed any man anything but to love him. He was industrious, thrifty, and very generous. Though never having more than a very moderate income, he made a comfortable, attractive home for his family, and always had something to share with his unfortunate brethren, and contributed systematically

and generously to the interests of the church. His neighbors speak in the strongest terms of his exemplary life. His religious life was steady, perennial. He chose that kind of a life deliberately, and never turned back.

It was the writer's privilege to minister to him during his last illness. His faith never wavered. He asked for the good old Methodist hymns to be sung, and was sweetly comforted by the Scriptures and prayer. His life was hid with Christ in God, so death had no terror for him. He longed to depart and be with Christ. His beloved wife had preceded him to the better land by twenty years.

He leaves three brothers, three sisters, and one daughter, all of whom are earnest Methodist Christians and know the power of Divine grace to support through trial and affliction.

W. S. BOYARD.

Carleton. — Pettingill G. Carleton was born in Hill, N. H., Dec. 23, 1821, and died at Melrose, Mass., July 1, 1902.

Mr. Carleton, though advanced in years, was engaged in business and well and active to within a week of his death, when stricken suddenly by that dread disease, small-pox. The malignant nature of his malady, causing at once his separation from his friends and family, was an occasion of special sorrow. But this we all knew — he was truly sustained by Him who alone can sweeten the bitter waters of pain and death.

Mr. Carleton was converted in early life, and had served as class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Bristol, N. H., for several years, and had also been a highly esteemed member of the Methodist Church in Reading and Melrose. During the winter and spring he had been a regular attendant on all the means of grace, and his strong Christian testimony had been a blessing to many. He was indeed an earnest, sympathetic Christian disciple, profoundly in love with the truth. None were listened to more gladly on the theme of salvation both by old and young than Mr. Carleton.

A widow, son and daughter residing in Melrose remain to mourn their loss. The burial service, doubly impressive, took place at midnight in Wyomung Cemetery, the pastor, Rev. C. H. Stackpole, officiating.

C. H. S.

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of any kidney disease, or be distressed by stomach troubles or tortured and poisoned by constipation. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly, to stay cured. If you care to be cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence, catarrh of stomach and bowels, constipation, or torpid and congested liver, if you wish to be sure that your kidneys are free from disease and are doing their necessary work thoroughly, if you expect to be free from catarrh, rheumatism and backache, if you desire a full supply of pure, rich blood, a healthy tissue and a perfect skin, write at once for a free bottle of this remedy, and prove for yourself, without expense to you, that these ailments are cured quickly, thoroughly and permanently with only one dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Any reader of ZION'S HERALD who needs it may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh, indigestion, flatulence, constipation of the bowels, and congestion and sluggish condition of liver and kidneys. For inflammation of bladder and enlargement of prostate gland it is a reliable specific.

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Chancellor Day and the Bible

CHANCELLOR JAMES R. DAY, of Syracuse University, who has been spending some weeks of his vacation in California, made an address of rare excellence at the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His address was upon "Belief in the Bible." Dr. Day is always forcible; on this topic he was especially luminous and vigorous. The pivot of his discussion was the value of the mystery of the Bible. A Bible that can be perfectly comprehended by the human intelligence cannot carry the conviction to the human heart that it is the Word of God. Mystery, he contended, is the Bible's divine credential. The normal, growing mind demands mystery as the background for its sustained effort. The man who contends that he cannot believe that which he cannot comprehend is the victim of a primary blunder in mental operation. The tree, the flower, the fruit, are visible signs of a veritable kingdom of mystery. In fact, every problem solved brings into view a wider range of thought over wider fields of mystery.

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A Great Religious Revival in Australia

[From the Presbyterian.]

Australia has been looked upon by many persons as the land of wild and reckless living. But a change has come over it within recent years. Melbourne, especially, has lately been the scene of a noteworthy revival. In a great simultaneous "mission" no less than 214 churches took part. It was preceded by a far-reaching league, in which some 15,000 persons participated. The missionaries numbered fifty, and the services were held, not in the ordinary churches, but in town halls or tents. Denominationalism was lost sight of, for the time being, and all Protestants gave themselves, heart and soul, with the utmost unity and fullest co-operation, to the common work of soul-saving.

The popular response was spontaneous and cordial. No building appeared to be large enough to hold the crowding audiences which assembled to hear the Word of Life. Even the exhibition building, an immense structure, was so filled at times, while crowds gathered about it, that it seemed, it is said, like "a be-

sieged building." The theatres lost their fascination for the many, and the Christian service evinced the greater drawing power.

One writing of the depth and extent of the gracious work maintains that it established, as never before, "how deep and strong is the religious instinct in the Australian character," and "how overwhelming is its response to any adequate appeal." Several facts are mentioned in support of this declaration. Australia has, "proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000. Russia only 55 to the same number."

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